THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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SCENES AT WATERFORD

During the Official Count of the Result in the Late Parliamentary Election.

Imprudent Utterances by Mr. Davitt After the Result Was Declared—Remarks by the High Sheriff and Mr. John Redmond.

No demonstration took place while Mr. Davitt and his friends were passing from the hotel to the town hall. Four or five people were present outside the building, and a few members of the National and Literary club, which stands right opposite the town hall, lounged on the steps, but neither a hiss nor a cheer was heard.

A large force of police were already in possession of the building. About twenty constables armed with rifles were drawn up on the roadway, and a group with batons stood beneath the National and Literary club. Inside the town hall constables were on guard in the corridors and upstairs. In the passage outside the council chamber, in which the scrutiny took place, a dozen more men with bayonets and batons were ready to repel any attack on the chamber. These early preparations on the part of the police authorities were magnificent and awe inspiring. But that was not all. After ten o'clock three hundred additional men, armed cap a pie and each with his kit and blanket on his back, arrived and spread themselves in a long double line in front of the town hall. Mr. Commissioner Cameron was in charge. Inside the council chamber more peaceful and more interesting proceedings were going on.

Mr. John Redmond arrived shortly before nine o'clock, accompanied by Mr. Henry Harrison, M. P, and Mr. Haviland. Bourke. He found a good many of his leading supporters already in the council chamber. His agent, Alderman L. C. Strange, solicitor, was there, also the mayor (Mr. John Manning), Mr. Thomas Manning, Mr. Thomas Redday, Mr. M Manning, Mr. O'Brien Dalton, Tipperary; Mr. Gaffney and Mr. J. Keating, of Limerick; Mr. Clampett, T. C.; Mr. C. P. Redmond, Mr. Fisher, Waterford; etc. A long oaken table ran up the centre of the handsome and commodious chamber. At the head of the table sat the high sheriff (Capt. O'Toole), who, as returning officer, presided over the scrutiny. At either side of him sat his assessor, Mr. McCoy, solicitor, and Mr. Hanrahan, sub sheriff. The table was occupied by the official scrutineers, three in number, each with a ballot box before him, and each flanked by representatives of the rival candidates, checking the counting of the votes. The candidates themselves watched the proceedings with the keenest interest, Mr. Davitt hopefully expectant and Mr. Redmond jubilant in his assurance of victory.

The walls of the council chamber were hung with portraits in oil. Over the fire place, immediately behind the high sheriff, was a large full length portrait of Daniel O'Connell, with closely buttoned frock coat, his left hand in his breast—a familiar pose—and his right hand resting on a table as if he were addressing an audience. On the left was a fine picture of Thomas F. Meagher, the orator of the '48 movement. Meagher himself was in 1848 a candidate for the parliamentary representation of his native city, and after an exciting contest was defeated. It was in this city also he was arrested in 1848 for treason felony. He was rescued from the military escort by his followers on the quay as he was being conveyed for trial to Clonmel, and it was only after the most strenuous exertions and the most fervent appeals he got them to desist from destroying the famous wooden bridge across the Suir, built in 1793 But Meagher did more. He refused to escape. He insisted on going to Clonmel a prisoner with the military escort, and in Clonmel he was sentenced with Smith O'Brien to be hanged, drawn and quartered there. As everybody knows poor Meagher was accidently drowned in the Missouri after the civil war, in which he served the states with conspicuous distinction. The excellent portrait of him on the walls of the council chamber was presented to his native city by his wife a few years ago. At the left hand side of the picture of the Liberator is a portrait of the father of the orator of '48, Alderman Meagher, wearing the robes and insignia of the mayor of Waterford, an office he filled many years ago. Indeed, he was the first Catholic mayor of Waterford since the Reformation. Several other interesting pictures may also be seen on the walls of the council chamber. There are portraits of other civic dignitaries of the 18th century, and a most interesting picture of Waterford in 1736, giving a fine view of the river and the quay. Meanwhile the scrutiny was in full swing. It was in progress half an hour only when the result was made clear. John Redmond led and continued to lead to the end.

A crowd, attracted mainly by the immense force of police marching to the town hall, gathered in the Mall about half past ten o'clock, and as it progressed it considerably swelled, but never, indeed, to the extent the interesting and exciting occasion warranted. The excitement throughout the city was, however, intense. It went abroad early that Mr. Redmond was leading, and the only question asked was "What is the majority?" Till the result was publicly declared by the high sheriff, a rush was made at every person issuing from the town hall, and he was mobbed and almost knocked down by the crowd in their mad desire to obtain the latest particulars. Journalists, among whom there was the keenest competition to be the first in the field with the news, were considerably hampered by these demonstrations as they rushed to the post office on the quays with telegrams for all parts of the world. The rejoicings in the National and Literary club opposite to the town hall, were naturally hilarious. Groups of the members assembled at the many windows of the club, in which there was a lavish display of colored portraits of John Redmond, and cheered and groaned and whistled and sang "The Boys of Wexford." There could be no mistaking the fact that popular sentiment in Waterford was on the side of Redmond.

The scrutiny proceeded in the council chamber in a cloud of tobacco smoke, nearly everybody in the room puffing away at a pipe or cigar or cigarette as if to relieve overwrought feelings. The excitement, notwithstanding the foregone conclusion, was most intense. Several of the tally keepers on the side of Mr. Redmond had to give up assisting in the scrutiny, and walked up and down the long room chatting to one another of their victory in those eager subdued whispers that tell of mental perturbation. The crowd in the chamber was largely augmented as time wore on. Mr. Patrick O'Brien, M. P., came in heavily muffled in his overcoat and scarf. He had been laid up in his bed with the influenza for the past three days, but he would come out, doctor's advice notwithstanding, to be in at the death. Mr Carew, M. P.; Mr. Leamy, M. P.; Mr. Dalton, M. P., and other supporters of Mr. Redmond, also arrived. The excitement increased as the scrutineers, three in number, forged ahead with their work. Mr. Davitt, as a rule, remained at the head of the room, and Mr. Redmond, smoking a cigar, at the end. Mr. J. Dillon sat quietly by the fire. Mr. Wm. O'Brien, provided with paper and pencil, followed the scrutiny with characteristic energy. Above the buzz of conversation the voices of the scrutineers could be heard, 'Redmond,' "Davitt," as they took the papers one by one from the ballot boxes, and indicated the vote. "Redmond," of course, was most frequently heard. Outside in the Mall the crowd cheered again and again as the news was brought out that Redmond continued to lead, The first casual scrutiny gave Redmond a majority of 274, but as regular counting progressed it was made manifest that this was considerably under the mark. The anticipation was indulged in towards the end that Mr Redmond's majority would at least be 500

The end came at half past 12 o'clock. The scene in the chamber when the high sheriff announced the result was one of the wildest excitement. The supporters of Mr. Redmond jumped on the table and on chairs, cheering loudly and waving their sticks and hats in the fervor of their excitement. Their yells of delight were answered by the hoarse roar of triumph from the crowd outside. All the time Mr. Davitt, his head bared, showing the broad plaster stripe covering the wound which he received on his forehead on Sunday week, a mingled look of pride and pain and defiance in his eyes, stood behind the chair of the high sheriff, surrounded by Mr. O'Brien, M. P.; Mr. Dillon, M. P., and other supporters.

The high sheriff announced the result as follows in the council chamber: Redmond, 1775; Davitt, 1229 "I therefore declare," he said, "Mr. John E Redmond member of parliament for the city of Waterford." (Great cheers from Mr. Redmond's supporters)

SPEECHES AFTER THE DECLARATION

Mr. John Redmond, M. P., who was received with enthusiasm by his supporters in the room, said: "Gentlemen, I am very proud and happy that my first act as member of this great and historic city is to propose a hearty vote of thanks to my old friend, the high sheriff of this city. Speaking for myself, I must say that as far as I have observed his conduct, this election has been carried out with efficiency and absolute impartiality, and I think the same can be said of everybody in any way connected with the conduct of the election. I therefore propose a hearty vote of thanks to the high sheriff, and I am sure it will be carried by acclamation."

Mr. Davitt: "I beg to second the vote of thanks to the high sheriff, and at the same time to express my sincere gratitude to the large number of electors who came to the poll in my behalf; and I wish today to say most sincerely that I hope that whatever feeling or temper may have been evoked in this contest may now subside (hear, hear). I wish to everyone in this city, friend or foe, a happy Christmas. For myself, I say personally that I would rather have lost this, fighting as I have fought it, than win it as my opponent has won it, by

A COMBINATION OF TERRORISM ANE TORYISM."

(Cheers and groans.)

A violent scene of excitement here ensued. Mr. Redmond's supporters shouted "Coward," and Mr. Michael Manning cried "Shame, shame." Two men were particularly violent, one challenging Mr. Davitt to fight, and the police had to interfere. Mr. Michael Manning also called out "Mean, mean."

The high sheriff, when order had been restored, said: Fellow citizens, I need not say how glad I am at having a vote of thanks proposed to me by Mr. Redmond, and seconded by Mr. Davitt. I shall say very little. I am sorry he thought it worth his while to insult the good and true men of this city (hear, hear and renewed cries of "Mean," "Coward" and "Shame") I hope and trust in providence that you will let the thing pass by, because my belief is it reflects no discredit on anybody but the man who uttered the expression (hisses) I have nothing further to say."

The high sheriff then approached the window and formally announced the result to the crowd outside, who received it with cheers.

After the declaration of the poll Mr. Redmond, M. P., and his supporters left the town hall and proceeded across the road to the National and Literary club, from the windows of which he addressed the crowd. Mr. Redmond congratulates them on the magnificent victory which, he said, they had won in the cause of liberty and independence. In the midst of the crowd of happy thoughts which were thronging to his mind, he confessed the most powerful thought of all was a sad one. It was that their leader (cheers) did not live to see that day after going through twelve months of persecution and of struggle, during which he met with neither triumph nor victory. The election would be historic. They would now set example to independent men through the length and breadth of Ireland. Their action that day would bring hope and confidence to the hearts of every independence-loving man, and of every liberty-loving man, in every part of Ireland. They had shown that the men of Waterford were capable of withstanding all the powerful influences in the social and political life of that city. They had shown that they had stood faithful to their promises. The result of this election would shed honor and lustre upon the name of the city (cheers). Speaking for himself, he promised them this, that so long as he was member for that city he would never in thought, in word, or in deed, do anything to reflect dishonor upon them or upon their city. His last request to them was not to allow any rash, or foolish, or malicious man to spoil the magnificent effect of his victory. They should remember that their enemies were upon the watch. Half a dozen men, aye or one man, could rob them of much of the honor of that victory by violence either of word or language. His request to them was to end the contest as they had commenced it and as they carried it on day by day, in moderation, with an absence of violence, and with toleration to their enemies (cheers).

I ask you to allow those who have met a fall in this election, from which they will never arise, to depart in silence and in peace from your midst. I call upon you to constitute yourselves special constables to preserve the peace of the city during the remainder of this day. Go peacefully to your homes, and take back with you to your families the proud consciousness that you have done your duty to your God and to your country, and proud in that consciousness let no man say an unkind word; let no man do a hasty or violent deed; let this election end as it ought at this holy season in peace and in good will to our fellow-citizens. For my part, to those of my fellow-countrymen who opposed me in this election I have no bitter or resentful word. I sincerely hope that this election will leave no permanent trace of bitterness of feeling among different classes of the citizens of Waterford (hear, hear). This, my request, I ask you to fulfill it. I thank you again and again for the honor you have conferred upon me. I thank you far more for the honor you have done the principles of my dead friend and chief (cheers). I thank you now in the name of your countrymen, who are straining with anxiety to hear your verdict in every part of Ireland—aye and in every part of the world—and I end by saying, as I said the other night, may God bless this old city and its gallant people (cheers); may God preserve undaunted the resolute and manly hearts May God watch over the welfare of themselves and their children, and may He increase the prosperity and welfare of every man, woman and child in this town until I next meet you. I have now to bid you farewell. God bless you, and God save Ireland (cheers).

Mr. Ed Leamy, M. P., then spoke, and said that the election had been fought in a way that did credit to both sides. The electors of Waterford had brought home the fact that there was a spirit of independence in Ireland which would bend under no influences

Mr. Henry Harrison, M.P., also spoke; and the proceedings terminated.

THE DEPARTURE FROM WATERFORD.

While the above meeting was in progress Mr. Davitt, Mr. O'Brien, M. P., Mr. Dillon, M. P., and the other supporters of the National candidate left the town hall by the rear entrance and got quietly to their hotel. It was then discovered that the military had been called out. A troop of hussars, with ready carbines, were drawn up in front of the Adelphi hotel, and a company of the Middlesex regiment was posted in a neighboring street. The hotel was also guarded back and front by bodies of constabulary. On the termination of the meeting in front of the National and Literary club Mr. Redmond and his followers walked up the quays to Commins' hotel, followed by the crowd, who booed and groaned vigorously as they passed the Adelphi. No disorder of any kind occurred.

Both parties left the city for the metropolis by the limited mail train at half-past 2 o'clock. Mr. Davitt, Mr. William O'Brien, Mr. John Dillon and the others first drove from the Adelphi to the terminus (which lies on the Kilkenny side of the Suir) on outside cars, escorted by the troop of hussars. They were hooted, of course, by the excited crowds on the quays, but happily no violence was attempted The terminus was occupied inside by a force of police, and a detachment of the Middlesex regiment was posted outside. Mr. Redmond, M. P., with Mr. Harrison, M. P., Mr. Leamy, M. P., Mr. Carew, M. P., Mr. P. O'Brien, M. P., Mr. Dalton, M. P., and others arrived soon afterwards on foot, accompanied by an immense procession, headed by a band. An extraordinary scene then ensued. The doors of the terminus were closed on the crowd, but they forced their way in, and were kept back by a heavy cordon of police armed with batons from the departure platform, where the train was waiting, they swarmed on the arrival platform, crossed the rails, crept under and over the buffers of the train, and before the police could take effective measures for checking this invasion from an unexpected quarter hundreds clustered in front of Mr. Redmond's carriage, waving sticks and hats and cheering vociferously Mr. Davitt and his friends were in an adjoining compartment. Some of the people turned their attention to that quarter and assailed the Nationalists with insulting cries. To add to the passion of the scene the brass band, stationed at the top of the platform outside the barrier, struck up a medley of national airs—"The Boys of Wexford," "God Save Ireland," and "O'Donnell Aboo"—and the crowd swelled the volume of music by singing the various refrains. The effect was deafening. The train was got out of the station without any harm being done, but not without considerable difficulty. The journey to Dublin was comparatively quiet An address was presented to Mr. Redmond at Kilkenny, a fife and drum band greeted him at Maryborough, he was cheered at Inchicore, and at Kingsbridge, which was reached at half-past 6, he was welcomed by a small crowd. Mr Davitt, Mr O'Brien and Mr. Dillon also had friends to greet them, and to see them safely through the mob of angry opponents. —*Dublin Freeman, Dec.* 26.

How Ladies Can Make Money.

There are so very few ways a lady can make money and so few chances open to us, that I know all you lady readers will be interested in hearing of my success in plating watches, tableware and jewelry. I make from $10 to $20 per week, and my customers are delighted at my work. It is surprising how easy a lady can take a plating machine and plate old knives, forks and spoons. This machine plates with either nickel, silver or gold and will generally plate any of these articles in a few minutes. I hope my experience will be as profitable to your lady readers as Mrs. Wilson's was to me. Anybody can get a plating machine by addressing H. F. Delno & Co., Columbus, Ohio. The plater sells for $5, or you can get circular by addressing this firm. MRS. C. WYMEN.

A DREADFUL EXECUTION.

The Hanging of the Cody Brothers and John Lonergan, in Front of Clonmel, Tipperary, Courthouse.

Desperate Attempt of Henry Cody to Throw the Hangman Over the Railings of the Public Scaffold.

AWFUL SCENES ON THE SCAFFOLD.

At 11 o'clock on the morning of Wednesday, March 1, 1848, three men were led out to die in front of Clonmel jail. Around the scaffold were assembled a dense throng of people, townsmen and peasants, men and women; every eye strained on the three gibbets and the three looped cords that swayed in the morning breeze. Before the dismal procession of the condemned came into view pitying exclamations might be heard bewailing that they should perish thus "so young." Close by the scaffold glittered the bayonets of two companies of the Forty-seventh, and on the flank the drawn sabres of the Fourth Light Dragoons. It was plain that the authorities did not choose to trust merely to the strong party of police which occupied the other side to guard against eventualities. A murmur from the crowd directed attention to a figure on the scaffold. It was the hangman. He coolly examined the ropes, and looked to the noose of each to see whether it ran smoothly. He tried the drops or traps, and shot the bolts to ascertain whether they were clear and free. So far the people gazed silently, as these performances were gone through; but when they saw him pull out of his pocket a piece of soap or grease and apply it to the ropes a yell of indignation arose, and he disappeared through the doorway into the jail amidst a storm of execration. Soon the prison bell began to toll, and as the death knell sounded the crowd fell on their knees Through the doorway leading to the scaffold there emerged the tall figure of Father John Power (late Catholic bishop Waterford), in surplice and soutane; his voice, reciting the office for the dying, reaching to the farthest bound of the hushed multitude. Then came the prisoners—three young men, two of them brothers. One could now understand the compassion of the women in the crowd. They were really fine looking young peasants, the eldest could hardly have been 23 The brothers Henry and Philip Cody were to be executed for the murder of Laurence Madden nine months before; and John Lonergan—"the widow's son," as he was designated by the witnesses on the trial—for shooting Mr. Ray, J.P., at Rockwell. The executioner first put the rope around the neck of Lonergan, who asked the people all to pray for him. Henry Cody, who stood at the narrow doorway, saw the process which was so soon to be gone through with himself. As if in answer to Lonergan's appeal, he cried aloud, "Lord Jesus have mercy on us! Lord have mercy on him! Lord have mercy on us!" Then the hangman approached the younger Cody, and, having put the cap on his face began to place the noose on his neck. In so doing it is thought he made some observation which reached Henry's ear. At sound of the voice he started as if pierced by an arrow. He ceased praying, and was observed to tremble from head to foot. The fact is, it was currently reported, though I believe quite groundlessly, that the man who acted as executioner was the identical crown witness who had, as the people expressed it, "sworn away the lives" of the hapless brothers. That he marvelously resembled him is at all events indubitble; and whether the elder Cody had heard the rumor, or recognized, as he fancied, the voice of the "approver," there is no knowing; but plainly he believed this was the man.

He sprang at the hangman, and with his bound and manacled hands smote him again and again. Then he seized him, dragged him to the front, and by main force tried to fling him over the railing of the scaffold. It was an awful, a horrible sight! Murderer and hangman gripped in deadly struggle, the latter screaming aloud for mercy and for help. Beyond doubt Cody, even with arms strapped and pinioned, would have succeeded in his deadly purpose, had not some of the warders rushed over. The younger brother heard the struggle, and knew something unusual had happened; but having the cap over his face, he could not see. Father Power, fearful lest he might know what it was, kept resolutely at his side, fervently pouring prayers and exhortations into his ear. At last Philip heard Henry's voice in the struggle, and despite all the priest could do he managed to tear the covering from his face, when lo! he saw his brother and the hangman in frightful encounter. He tried to rush to Henry's aid, but Father Power flung his arms around him, "Oh, my child, my child! for the sake of that Jesus, your God, who gave himself to His executioners, do not, do not. Oh! think of the Son of God—oh, think you are going to meet your Creator and Judge!" And the good priest, fairly overcome, sobbed aloud. Then the unhappy young man let his head fall on Father Power's shoulder, and he, too, cried like a child; "Oh, Henry, Henry! my brother! my brother! Oh, God, oh, God!"

Eye witnesses of that scene speak of it today only with a shudder. The idea of launching into the presence of God men with souls aflame with passion of deadliest hate and vengeance was something dreadful to contemplate; and Father Power appealed to the sheriff to postpone for awhile the execution. That gentleman himself, utterly shocked, and, indeed, overcome, would willingly have complied; but there was a legal compulsion then and there to carry out the law; and the brothers, who for a moment had been taken to the rear of the scaffold, were again brought forward. The people, who throughout had given way to the deepest emotion—women crying and wailing, others praying aloud, and several fainting—thought for a moment the execution would be put off. When they saw the condemned led out again a roar of grief and anger arose from the crowd, but, at a gesture from Father Power, they suddenly hushed, and once more sunk on their knees. The three men were held on the traps; the bolts were drown, and justice was vindicated under circumstances such as I hope may never be paralleled in our land. This was but one day's work out of several of a similar character in that spring of 1848 The assizes that year were heavy, and Tipperary, unfortunately, had contributed a gloomy calendar. The peasantry of that country, physically one of the finest peoples in the world, have strong characteristics, strangely mixed vices and virtues. They are hot and passionate; brave and high spirited; deadly in their vengeance; generous; hospitable; ready to repay kindness with kindness, hate with hate, violence with violence. When not under the influence of passion, "more fearful than the storm that sweeps their hills," they are one of the most peaceable, orderly and moral populations in the empire. There seems to be hardly any middle character in Tipperary assizes. The calendar is either a blank, as to serious offenses, or is black with crimes that tell how lightly human life is valued where revenge reduces men to savagery. Many of the most serious of these outbursts in that county had their origin in provocation, in which the technical law and actual justice were wofully antagonized; and the facts that most deeply shock one in contemplating the subject—the cowardly selfishness or guilty connivance of eye-witnesses of murder, or the sympathy and shelter extended to the assassin—are the evil and accursed fruit of a system which had made the people look upon "law" as an enemy, not a protector.

A. M. SULLIVAN.

FOR THE CITIZEN.

"BURYING THE HATCHET!"

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

"Bury the hatchet forever!" the ox-eyed
enthusiasts say,
"And nurse the dawn of an era of peace
on the lap of that coming day,
When Saxon and Celt, and Teuton and
Gaul shall be brethern everywhere,
And the toothless lion of England will
mate with the Russian bear;
And over the abyss of blood, where the
hate of years lie dead,
Let hands be extended to hands, and the
banner of love be spread;
For the power of thought and mind o'er
the cannon and bullet holds sway—
So bury the hatchet forever!" the ox eyed
Utopians say.

Oh, yes, we shall bury the hatchet, when
the axe that our foemen hold
And the pitiless swords that they're wielding are laid in the silent mould;
When their strength is trampled superbly
down and their pride in the dust lies
low,
We might yield them the pity they never
wished that we ourselves should know.
In the blaze of their reeking cities, near
the pyre of their blasted dreams,
We might bridge this abyss of blood and
death with a hundred thousand beams,
And give them our outstretched hands
with the generous ardor of men—
'Till then we'll not bury the hatchet—oh,
not by our dead till then!

When Gaul and Germany bristle no more
with bullets and with spears,
When despots wade no longer through an
ocean of blood and tears,
When race will be blended with race, and
their sinew and bone become one,
And the broad earth be Republican 'neath
every sky and sun;
When a godly glow will illumine the
depths of each human soul,
And the code of a good and a kindly creed
be followed from pole to pole,
Oh, then (but I fear that blissful goal will
never be reached by men!)
We shall bury the hatchet, if you please,
but not, if you please, till then!

Does Protection Protect?

Certainly, in one instance, it does. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the great protection against the dangers of impure blood, and it will cure or prevent all diseases of this class. It has well won its name of the best blood purifier.

A Very Common Want.

"Out of sorts," "distrait," "the blues," these are familiar appellatives for uncomfortable undefinable sensations, accompanied with lassitude, nervousness, indigestion. Poverty of the blood, to remedy which an effective stomachic persistently used is the paramount need, is conclusive evidence that the system is insufficiently nourished because—and for no other cause where organic disease does not exist—the food is not assimilated. Reinforce the flagging energies of the stomach, reform an irregular condition of the bowels, keep up a healthful secretion of the bile with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. For over thirty years this popular medicine has supplied the common want of the nervous invalid, the dyspeptic and of persons deficient in vitality, an efficient tonic. To its power of imparting strength is attributable its efficacy as a preventive of malaria and la grippe. Thoroughly effective is it too for rheumatism, kidney complaint and neuralgia.

WATERFORD IN THE OLDEN TIME.

Having given you a peep into some of the ancient documents of Dublin, I wish, writes Miss Rose Mulholland in the Boston *Pilot*, to remind you that there are other towns in Ireland possessed of interesting records in strange antique writing, wonderfully illustrated and emblazoned with figures and characters belonging to a long bygone day. About ten years ago a great roll was brought to light in the city of Waterford, by a perserving search, by Mr. J. T. Gilbert, who restored and deciphered what appeared to be a large bundle of stained and time blackened rags, but proved to be an ancient, illustrated charter roll, "the only one of its age and class known to be extant in Ireland." It is formed of pieces of vellum attached continuously together at great length, which were manuscripts made about 1390 of Latin charters and legal instruments relative to the rights and privileges of the citizens of Waterford. Much of the writing is obliterated and lost from damp. At the head is a colored drawing intended to represent the port of Waterford and the delivery of the keys of that city to Henry II. The drawing is greatly decayed, and under parts of it vestiges of writing are discernible, over which the colors were laid. Some membranes seem to be missing from the foot of the roll. A continuous series of pieces of vellum were originally attached to each side of the body of the roll, and many of these remain, containing colored drawings of full length figures, mostly of about ten inches in height, but without any names. The figure at the head on the right side is in armor, and was probably designed for Earl Richard Fitz Gilebert, under whose leading Waterford was captured by the Anglo Norman adventurers. Other figures evidently represented monarchs of England and other chief officials associated with charters and instruments issued to Waterford, beginning with King John and ending with Edward III. A king, probably Edward I., is on horseback; the feet of another king rest on a recumbent dog. Edward III. sits between two towers, with crown and scepter adorned with fleur de lis. Sir John Morris and Sir Wm. de Windesor, deputy governors of Ireland, appear. Two of the most striking figures of the roll are shown by Mr. Gilbert in fac simile among the richly colored plates of his vast work—"The National Manuscripts of Ireland"—which is to be seen in all great libraries of the world. One of these is King John in white doublet and hose, holding a falcon on his wrist.

He stands in a sort of castellated archway, which is thrown upon a wall of terra cotta color, and his white figure, with his crown and long pointed toes, is shown forth from a background of peacock blue, trellised over with gold branchings and clustering berries of red. He has pale yellow hair, and the crown, which was probably once gold, has turned black, like his collar and the trimming of his doublet. The other figure represents Henri de Loundres, archbishop of Dublin, justiciary of Ireland in the early part of the thirteenth century, who is depicted in pontifical vestments, with mitre, crozier and gloves. This figure is remarkably well drawn for the age to which it belongs. It stands well and with dignity, also within a doorway, but of ecclesiastical pattern, and the light blues and yellows and faint reds of the vestments are well displayed on a background of rich purple, gray, and madder brown. The only other fac simile from this roll of Waterford is a plate representing the mayors of the four great cities of Ireland, Dublin, Cork, Waterford and Limerick. Each is dressed in attire differing in form from that of his brothers in office, but the colors of all are red and blue.

Some of the enactments contained in the Waterford roll are extremely curious. Fines and imprisonments are the penalties attached to the wearing of any attire not manufactured "within this citie and realme," whether by masters or mistresses or their maid servants or man servants or nurses. To the end that the inhabitants may be "withdrawn from idleness," and made to work and content themselves with garments made by themselves, they are forbidden to "weare any furr, frendge, lace, silke or any woollen or lyennen, save such as shall be wrought within this citie or realme." It was ordained that certain "crafftes" should keep certain "lights of XII tapers burning from year to year before altars of the citie, specified as of Saint Marten and Saint Blase, within the Tryayte churche." Foreigners dwelling in the city were obliged to wear gowns and "go in English array." Freemen not maintaining households in the city were to be amerced annually till they "should be married and keep hospitality." What would be thought nowadays of such a tax on bachelorhood? Under an act of 1384 a penalty was incurred by any dweller in Waterford who cursed, defamed or "despised" a citizen by calling him "Irishman!" Men or apprentices of Irish blood were not admissible to the franchise of the city until they had received a grant of liberty from the king of England, and undertook to be of English array, habit and apparel. It was prohibited to plead in the city court in the Irish tongue. No child of any gentleman of "Irish rule" of the adjacent counties was to be fostered or kept in sojourn in the city unless under certain conditions.

A great record of Waterford is the register book, of which a very beautiful illuminated page is given in the "National Manuscript of Ireland." On this page are fine drawings of Christ, of the day of judgment, and of the Blessed Virgin. One drawing of the Blessed Virgin is peculiarly delicate and graceful in its quaintness. She stands with praying palms and flowing hair and robes, and with curious flowers beside her, and strange towers behind her and rising to her knee.

GAEL AND GAUL:

—OR—

The Green and The Tricolor.

A TALE OF THE

FRENCH INVASION OF 1798.

(Founded on Fact.)

BY P. G. SMYTH,

Author of "The Wild Rose of Lough Gill," "King and Viking," "Under the White Cockade," and other highly successful stories.

CHAPTER XXI —(Continued.)

THE PULNASHANTHANA.

"A pilgrimage of an unusual kind will shortly be on its way hither," said Barrett, rising wearly to his feet; "pirates more merciless than Deodruisg are, perhaps, even now approaching us. Let them not catch us napping."

The uneasiness he felt was not on his own account. In a humble cabin some fields away lay Maeve O'Donnell, plunged in bitter grief and agony of mind. Despite Barrett's efforts to withhold the sad truth from her she had learned of her brother's fate through a refugee from Killala, the ill news casting her into a death'like swoon from which she was revived with difficulty by the sympathetic care of the poor peasant women, many of whom were themselves mournfully bereaved and disconsolate.

Barrett, on quitting the headland and turning his footsteps towards the cabin in question, was surprised to find his fair companion in escape sitting on a low mound without the door.

How changed the appearance of Maeve!—her raven hair dishevelled, her cheeks haggard and hollow, her eyes red with weeping.

He approached her slowly, in deep and sympathetic silence; he shrunk from intruding on the sanctity of her grief with one crude platitude of consolation. As he neared the cabin a man in sailor's garb emerged from the door and saluted him.

"I've been looking for you, Colonel. You're in luck! Our smack lies down at the cove, and the captain sends me to tell you we've just room for one passenger, and to ask you to make haste. While the redcoats are searching for you here we'll put you ashore comfortably at Sligo."

The message caused a sudden sense of satisfaction to the recipient. On the instant, with quick inspiration, he turned to the sorrowing girl.

"You hear what this good man says, Maeve," he said, gently taking her hand; "achorra, you will take your place in this boat, which will bear you away from danger. The day is fine and you will have a pleasant passage to Sligo; I know you have friends there who will take good care of you until this miserable business is ended."

"No, no!" she exclaimed, in a broken voice, "you go, Patrick, the place in the boat is for you. It is not my life but yours that is in danger. Go, and God bless you!"

"My duty is to remain with these poor people to the last."

"And mine to return and seek out the corpse of my poor brother."

"Oh, that cannot be!" he hastily exclaimed. "What! to venture into yonder town—to trust yourself among the vile soldiers of King George and their viler officers! Believe me, dearest, the memory of my poor friend Ferdy is respected by both Protestants and Catholics, and his remains shall have decent treatment and interment."

Little did they think that, even while they spoke, the naked corpse of Ferdinand O'Donnell lay unheeded under the open sky.

"But why should I fly? I do not fear death," she still persisted.

"Nor do I," he said, "and my blood shall dye this threshold ere a hair of your head be injured."

Finally she yielded, and, wrapped in the large blue cloak of a peasant woman, proceeded, after many tender adieux, on board the small vessel which lay waiting—the captain doing his utmost towards the comfort of the gentle, grief stricken little body whose gallant brother, as he was aware, had fallen in the previous day's encounter.

From the verdant summit of the headland Barrett emotionally watched the departing barque until its white sails became as a seabird's wing in the hazy distance. Sighing, he turned away, under the depressing spell of one bitter thought. Parted for ever!

From the neighboring cornfields came blithe sounds of laughter and song, where sickles were flashing along the yellow ridge. The husbandmen, notwithstanding the prospect of another dread pursuit and *battue*, were working cheerily away. Women and girls, with red shawls on their heads, were busily moving about in the sunshine, binding the corn into sheaves. It was an extraordinary picture, one of serene Peace in the lurid midst of War.

Suddenly the song and laughter ceased, the moving figures became still; the toilers, their hands veiling their eyes, all looked intently towards the south, where dark wreaths of smoke were seen rising, and people running on the distant hills as if in terror and dismay.

The cause was apparent—the soldiers were out again on their mission of death and destruction.

Barrett hastened towards the alarmed people. A piper, whose countenance was the picture of fright, hurriedly related his experiences.

"They're comin' round by the shore as well as by the road," he said, describing the advance of the English. "I was down yonder, under the cliff, hidin' between two *clochans*, when two of them caught a man on the shore, an' the screeches of the poor crature as they stabbed the life out of him were terrible entirely. We needn't expect any mercy at all at all!"

"They might be content with what they've done already," remarked an old man bitterly; "many a hearth is sad and desolate from their work, and yet they must come and burn the rest of the houses, and kill us all, root and branch."

The hasty consultation which ensued resulted in at least one very singular and dangerous mode—so great was the sense of helplessness and dread—of evading the approaching peril. It was proposed and agreed that, it being now ebb of tide, a number of the young men who were most in danger of shooting or hanging should descend by ropes into the deep cavern on the headland, the Pulnashanthana, the bottom of which was dry at low water, and there remain in concealment until the army had gone away.

Accordingly, while numbers of people fled for safety to the distant hills, a large group, bearing stout ropes, proceeded to the Pulanshanthana, and halted in awe on the grassy marge of that "hol- of the stormy waves"—or, as some translate the name, "the cavern of the ancient fire" (*Poll na sean tine*), alleging that St Patrick flung into it the Belfire of the Druids. Twenty five young men, some of the very flower of the Lagan youth, were now carefully let down one by one into the deep and gloomy chasm, amid the prayers of their trembling relatives.

Barrett, as one in special jeopardy, was urged to also descend, but he declined—his place, he said, was with the endangered people on terra firma—and the remainder of the party withdrew, giving the rope in charge to an active and able bodied woman, with instructions for her to return to the place when the evening came on or the soldiers had gone away.

On came the troops of King George, volleys of musketry and flames of burning homesteads as usual betokening their advance. It was the same oft repeated story of military arson and murder. The afflicted people fled in all directions, but many of them were overtaken and butchered, and after nightfall the soldiers returned to Killala, carrying with them five prisoners, and claiming to have slaughtered fully fifty of the "rebels."

Mournful were the scenes enacted when the fugitives returned to their blackened homes.

"My brother! my brother!" shrieked a woman—she who had been entrusted with the relief of those hiding in the seaside cavern—as she threw herself on the bleeding body of a young man, "and it is thus I find you, light of my heart! Oh, why did you not heed me? You knew the cruel Sassenach would not spare you. Oh, why did you not hide with Shemus in the Pulnashanthana?"

Suddenly, with a weird cry of anguish, she sprang to her feet.

"The tide! The boys in the cave! Oh, God!"

Her eyes alight with terror, she broke into a swift run towards the headland of Downpatrick. At intervals her wild despairing cry rang on the air as she rushed and scrambled onward, no obstacle seeming to impede her eager flight. A crowd fleetly followed her, with sinking hearts at the cause of her alarm, and overtook her just at the brink of the chasm. After one horrified look into its depths she bounded forward, as if to cast herself in, but was seized from behind by a man, in whose arms she fainted.

The crowd bent forward and peered into the cavern. A shudder chilled the hearts of the bravest. The vast darksome pit was filled with a hoarse, booming, reverbrating sound. Fountains of spray lesped fitfully up athwart the blackwalls, the huge cauldron between being filled with a white seething chaos of water, roaring and turbulent as a den of maddened lions.

And there, whirled dashed about like driftwood, and beaten with sickening fury against the rocks, rose and fell twenty-five mangled bodies, those of the ill fated young men who had sought refuge in that treacherous death-trap!

CHAPTER XXII.

The Mayo shore, wild and wandering though it was, and abounding in rocky nooks, soon became only a very uncertain place of refuge for Patrick Barrett. Bands of yeos and regulars were continually scouring the district in quest of croppies, and woe to the poor suspects who fell into their hands. The death they inflicted was sometimes accompanied with cruel torture; it was told that, having captured on the shore a young sergeant of the Kerry Militia, who through sympathy with the insurgents had joined them at the opening of the action on that mournful Sabbath, they filled the bosom of his tunic with gunpowder, which they ignited, scorching him to death.

True, Gen. Trench issued from Killala a proclamation offering pardon to such of the insurgents as came in and surrendered their arms—an offering which many availed themselves of, procuring sundry weapons of strange and various descriptions, which they came in and delivered up, though only to find themselves, in many cases, arrested and told off for transportation. But Barrett, like other prominent leaders, was exempt from even these doubtful terms; his fixed lot, if caught, was to be the rope; a reward was offered for his apprehension.

He determined to set out for his native town. There, among the local loyalists, he had personal friends who might give him shelter in this his hour of need; and there, the very centre and headquarters of the British army of occupation, his presence would be least suspected by the bloodhounds who were now on his trail.

Late on the evening after the melancholy event described in the last chapter he quitted the Lagan, and set out on his journey, cautiously taking his way by secluded valleys and sheltering corpses in order to avoid the patrols.

He made a wide detour by Killala, where the shooting down of insurgents had ceased the previous (Monday) evening, but courtmartialling and hanging was now the order of the day.

Often he passed nigh the blackened and still smoking ruins of habitations. Often he caught sight of a human figure hanging motionless from the bough of a tree, a stark spectacle in the gray twilight.

Occasionally the tramp of horses and the sight of dragoons' helmets caused him to lie flat and motionless in a ditch or furze thicket until the danger passed by. The country seemed alive with military. Half a dozen times he nigh blundered into the jaws of death, escaping discovery as if by a miracle. His position grew more critical every minute. He had traversed nigh a dozen miles—his route now zig-zag, now circuitous, according to the danger apprehended, the covert afforded—and was creeping onward, weary, faint, and hungry.

"Who goes there? Stand or I fire!"

Not many yards away he perceived glisten the black shako of a yeoman, the immediate report of whose piece rang in his ears as he ducked. The bullet sang over his head. Plunging into a hollow along the lee side of a fence he ran along it for bare life, while behind him came the footsteps of invisible pursuers. At the end of the fence a wall about eight feet high rose before him. He swiftly climbed it and dropped on the off side, his hands narrowly escaping laceration from the broken glass which bristled on top. The dark boughs of trees screened his action; otherwise his silhouette, however faint, might have been the mark for many a bullet.

He found himself in a garden. Apple trees darkly brooded around. The walks were lined with gooseberry and currant bushes. He eagerly plucked some of the fruit and thrust it in his pocket, the pangs of hunger asserting themselves almost beyond the dread of capture. The voices of his pursuers came from the other side of the wall.

"He has crossed it, you fool."

"Perhaps not, sergeant, for I think I'd have seen him; I was first, you know."

"Well, we'll try, d—n him."

The close growing shrubs afforded many a seductive nook for concealment, places as deceptive as inviting, for well the fugitive knew that in case of search every suspicious, leafy covert would be pierced and probed by the bayonet of a yeo. He looked wildly around. A gleam of light shone from a window of a house looking on the garden, a first-floor window, slightly open, and draped with heavy crimson curtains.

His resolve was taken like lightning. Raising the window, which fortunately slid noiselessly in its grooves, he stepped inside and closed it behind him. Standing in the shadow of the curtains he waited and listened, expecting to hear his pursuers rustling through the garden in search of him.

Suddenly he heard a rustle, not of brambles, however, but of a woman's dress.

The door of the room in which he was concealed opened and gave admittance to a lithe female figure, attired in deepest black. As she advanced into the apartment, which was richly furnished, and the light of the chandelier fell upon her warm *spirituelle* countenance, he recognized, with a start which almost betrayed his presence, the woman whom he had marked cause to dread, whose vow of vengeance for the death of her brother was well engraven on his memory, whose ardent labors towards fulfilling that vow he had checked by intercepting the dispatch from Castlebar—the dispatch with its specified list of "traitors," himself among them, worthy of doom—the Circe who, he thought, would be only too glad that he should swell the grim holocaust of the executioner—Mabel Fortescue!

Seating herself on an ottoman she took up a book and commenced to read. The taper light gleamed upon her golden hair; her symmetric neck and arms, in the contrast of her black draperies, shone as though graven from whitest marble.

*The Killala parochial records give the number of men killed and missing in various parishes during the insurrection: Parish or Killala, 78 killed, 18 missing; Ballysokeery, 45 killed, 50 missing; Templemurry, 30 killed, 26 missing; Kilcummin, 14 killed, 16 missing; Lacken, 22 killed, 14 missing; Kilbride, 18 killed, 10 missing; Dunfeeny, 12 killed, 38 missing. Total killed and missing, 391.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

An Ohio lady was so frightened by a snake that her glossy black hair turned white as snow. It was soon returned to its original color by Hall's Hair Renewer.

A brutal murder occurred on Thursday fortnight at Esker, Timahoe, Queen's county. The murdered man was a gamekeeper named Robert Morgan, in the employ of Mr. Maxwell Close, and the scene of the murder is a lonely place on the edge of a wood near Timahoe. Morgan was shot in the neck, the spinal column being entirely severed, and death must have been instantaneous. An inquest was held on Saturday, and the jury, after hearing evidence, returned a verdict of wilful murder against some person or persons unknown.

A helping hand to lift up weak, tired, overtaxed women—that's what you'll find in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It gives you just the help that you need.

It's a medicine that's made especially to build up women's strength and to cure women's ailments—an invigorating, restorative tonic, soothing cordial, and bracing nervine; purely vegetable, non-alcoholic, and perfectly harmless. It regulates and promotes all the proper functions of womanhood, improves digestion, enriches the blood, dispels aches and pains, melancholy and nervousness, brings refreshing sleep, and restores health and strength.

What's the use of "trying this" and "trying that," when here is a remedy that's *guaranteed?* In all the derangements, irregularities, and weaknesses peculiar to the sex, periodical pains, internal inflammation and ulceration, weak back, leucorrhœa and every kindred ailment, if the "Favorite Prescription" fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back.

GAELIC POETRY.

Eire mo mhuirnin, slán leat go brath.

Leis an "g-Craoibhin Aoibhin."

Is fuar i an ghaoth orm, cruaidh-lá Márta,
Eire mo mhuirnin, slán leat go bráth,
Agus mise ag triall anonn thar an t-sáile,
Anonn thar an t-sáile, mo chreach! mo chrádh!
Ó tá mé ag triall uait, a mhuirnin dhilis:
Beannacht agus fiche dhuit, a rún, óm' chroidhe 'stigh:
Beannacht ort go buan, ochl beannacht agus mile,
'S a Eire, 's a mhuirnin, slán leat go bráth.

O Anntruim go Corcaigh tá brón air na daoinibh
Tá sgartha, sgannruighthe, dul air fán,
Ní baile ná sráid ann nach g-cluinfi 'h tú caoineadh
"Eire, mo mhuirnin, slán leat go bráth."
Is fada uaim an oiche, is dorcha an oidhche,
Is mór atámaoid sgaptha, is fad atámaoid sgaoilte,
An fear agus an bhean agus na páistidhe d á n-dibirt,
'S a Eire, 's a mhuirnin, slán leat go bráth.

Is fuar orm, geur orm, faobhar na gaoithe,
'S an sioc air na sléibhtibh reóidhte bán,
Acht is fuaire ná sioc a's ná gaoth tá mo chroidhe sa,
A's mise ag caoineadh, "Slán leat go bráth."
Slán leat, a's slán leat choidhche, a Eire,
Slán le do ghleanntaibh, do thráigh a's do shléibhtibh,
Ló do mhuintir 's do chlainn-se, uile go léir uaim,
Slán leat a's leo-san ar is go brath.

STATE OF OHIO CITY OF TOLEDO } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6 h day of December, A. D 1886.

{ SEAL } A. W. GLEASON.
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Fighting His Flesh.

General Furlong is a gentleman of independent means, who lives at the Fifth Avenue hotel. He is a large, heavy set man, whose tendency is to get larger and heavier set. All he has in the world to do is to look pleasant—in which he succeeds admirably—and to fight this flesh. Most people thus unhappily situated have some hobby to ride and always go cantering off on the slightest provocation. Not so General Furlong. His hobby is walking. He never rides anything—not even his hobby.

Most people in easy financial circumstances would now and then try a Broadway car if they didn't keep a brougham and pair, but he entertains a prejudice against everything on wheels. He walks. Technically speaking, there are eight furlongs to the mile; in his case one Furlong will cover eight miles without stretching. Sixteen to twenty miles a day are as nothing to him.

There is a pleasant fiction about the aristocratic Fifth avenue that when General Furlong is out he has "just stepped down to the Astor House." If anybody calls for him, "Oh, he'll be back soon—he is probably strolling around Irvington somewhere," or, "He went out for a short walk—he is by this time either at the Battery or in Harlem." Manhattan island is too small for General Furlong. This talk of rapid transit makes him tired.—New York Herald.

Attends Executions, but Dislikes Funerals.

The great weakness of a well known reporter in a large city is a partiality for attending executions! For many years past he has been present at all the executions which have taken place in his own neighborhood as the representative of and important daily journal.

Mr. Titerope can tell you scores of interesting anecdotes about celebrated criminals, unknown to or forgotten by the present generation, whose departure to another sphere he assisted at, as he himself jocularly puts it. He can make your blood run cold with his stories about awful scenes on the scaffold. He is still hale and hearty, and expects to be a witness of many more scaffold scenes before his own work is ended. A murder in his own neighborhood is enough to raise him to an unwonted state of excitement, for in the murderer he sees a wretch who probably will pay the penalty of his crime upon the scaffold.

Mr. Titerope is an excellent reporter and is ready for any kind of work with one exception. That exception, strange to say, is a funeral. His chief and his colleagues are aware of his dislike for that particular kind of duty, and to a funeral he has not been for years. But what an extraordinary thing it is that a man with a fondness for executions should be so averse to attending a funeral.—London Tit-Bits.

Pure Coffee.

There is one consolation for the prevalent adulteration of coffee, which is that the people who use the adulterated article are apt to be better off in health than those who partake largely of the pure article. It is known that coffee increases the pulse, makes the mind active and produces wakefulness. Consequently most people take it in the morning. In large quantities it produces palpitation of the heart, consequently people with heart trouble are forbidden to drink coffee. Taken at night it produces wakefulness.

One cup of black coffee at night will give a night of misery to any one inclined to heart trouble and keep awake for the entire night a person not accustomed to its use. The optimist must therefore hail with delight the prevalence of adulterated coffee.

The epicure, however, will continue to get his coffee green, roast it himself, grind it with religious exclusion of any adulterants and use it at once by making a decoction by pouring boiling water over it and never boiling the coffee in the water to be drunk. Thus the epicure may extract the utmost of unhealthfulness from the fragrant and delicious berry, adding another to the long list of pleasures that are somewhat hurtful.—

BATTLING WITH THE SIOUX!

The History of the Closing and Most Dramatic Epoch in American Indian Warfare, as Told by John F. Finerty.

The American, Irish-American and British Press Pronounce the Book to be a Literary, as Well as Historical, Triumph.

A VERY READABLE AND COMMENDABLE BOOK.

[*New York Critic.*]

With the causes of the war the army, of course, had nothing to do. The conduct of the officers and soldiers throughout seems to have been admirable. It was marked by equal bravery and humanity—virtues which had often to be exercised under very trying circumstances. The author, sharing in these good qualities, and having with them the effervescent spirit of his Irish temperament, and the ready pen of the practiced newspaper correspondent, was well qualified to be the historian of such a conflict. His style, if occasionally careless and some times luxuriant in expression, is always animated and graphic.

A TRUTHFUL AND SPIRITED STORY.

[*New York Nation, July 21.*]

If this stirring narrative is read as it deserves, the people will learn of hardships and peril encountered by their military forces that not one in a hundred thousand ever dreams of. The historian accompanied Crook on his Big Horn expedition, and, as there is no rear in an Indian fight, was in the thick of it on the Rosebud when Crook and the Sioux mutually recoiled. Mr. Finerty writes clearly, and evidently has an ancestral love of fighting from the facility with which he takes his place in the ranks. But he never boasts.

NO MILITARY WRITER EXCEEDS HIM FOR PICTORIAL DESCRIPTIVENESS.

[*Brooklyn Eagle.*]

"No military writer exceeds him for pictorial descriptivenes of either march, battle or bivouac, nor for the lighter touches of camp humor, incident and character, or those of natural scenery, which make such severe work tolerable to those who experience or those who read it. There are few such truthful and powerful pictures of military operations against brave and skilful savages in so vast a country, often as savage as the Indians to be fought."

ENTERTAINING AS AROMANTIC NOVEL.

[*Hon. J. Medill, Chicago Tribune.*]

"The author participated in nearly every skirmish of the campaigns of which he writes. His book, therefore, is not lacking in historical accuracy. Its arrangement is capital. The narrative never flags. It is as entertaining as a romatic novel. Here and there one finds eloquent bits of scenic description."

REVIEWED BY THE SAXONS.

London Saturday Review (Tory) July 23.

The best adventure in the book is "The Sibley Scout," the experiences of a small reconnoitring party sent out to discover Indians who, in large force, discovered them. Mr. Finerty with a hundred rounds of ammunition had occasion to expend much of it. The story, with its sudden turns, is excellently narrated.

REVIEWED BY THE SCOTCH.

[*Edinboro (Scotland) Scotsman.*]

"Mr. Finerty's narrative reads like a romance of Fenimore Cooper or of Mayne Reid; but it has also the impress of true history. General Crook is the chief hero of these battles and marches, night watches and surprises, among the wild scenery of the 'Bad Lands,' or on the wide stage of the prairie; and General Custer is the chief martyr. The 'red man' also deserves his meed of praise as a fighter; and in our century there have been few such formidable Indian figures as that of Sitting Bull.

A FASCINATING STORY.

[*Chicago Herald.*]

"A more fascinating story of Indian warfare it has not been our good fortune to read for many a day. Aside from mere personal interest the work is a valuable contribution to our western history, and should be read alike by those who love a story of adventure and those who are interested in the story of the subjugation of the West.

AN EX-CONFEDERATE'S OPINION.

[*Col. John George Ryan in The Press-Eagle, Pine Bluf, Ark.*]

Reader, send at once for a copy of John F. Finerty's recent book entitled "Warpath and Bivouac; or, the Conquest of the Sioux." It is a splendid contribution to the historical literature of the day, and should be within the walls of every household. The book reads more like a vivid romance than a concise narrative of adventures among, and battles with, hostile Indians. Mr. Finerty's book will read like an enchanting novel in the hands of a girl, while to the man who was often hid by the smoke of battle in 1861-5, or at other times, the work will be of absorbing interest.

NO NEW CHAPTER CAN BE ADDED.

[*Bismarck Tribune.*]

Even those familiar with the history of the Custer massacre will read with fresh interest the graphic details leading up to that terrible slaughter, as related by the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Finerty, and now offered to the public in the volume with the above title. The campaign of 1879, on the British line, which embraces Gen. Miles' battle with Chief Joseph; Sitting Bull's last fight, and the rounding up of that expedition, which might be considered as a termination of Indian warfare, forms an interesting part of the volume and it may safely be asserted that no new material will ever be furnished that can add another chapter of like interest to the history of progress on this continent in supplanting barbarism with civilization.

DIRECT, VIVID AND VIGOROUS.

[*New York Times.*]

"It is a handsome octavo volume of nearly 500 pages, furnished with well executed maps and illustrations, written in the author's nervous, vigorous and picturesque style. It gives a complete and circumstantial account of the great Indian wars of 1876 and 1879, not gathered piecemeal from what others have written, but told in the direct vivid way of one who saw and knew of what he writes."

IT WAS A TERRIBLE CAMPAIGN.

[*New York Herald.*]

"Mr. Finerty's story was not obtained at headquarters, or from official reports, but through participation in all the work described. He tells just such a tale as might be expected from an intelligent soldier, except that he gives us more details, all of them interesting, of camp life and the march."

NOTHING MORE GRAPHIC SINCE WASHINGTON IRVING

[*John Boyle O'Reilly, in Boston Pilot.*]

"In 'Warpath and Bivouac,' by John F. Finerty, we have the truthful story of the Sioux campaign of 1876, from the pen of a gallant correspondent who shared in all its thrilling dangers and vicissitudes. Nothing more graphic in that line has been written since Irving's stirring narratives of "Astoria" and "Captain Bonneville's Adventures."

A RELIGIOUS CRITIC.

[*New York Independent.*]

Mr. John F. Finerty, war correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, has graphically told the story of the conquest of the Sioux, which included some of the fiercest and bloodiest fighting ever done on our frontier. It is history that we have here, narrated by one of the active participants in the scenes depicted. Mr. Finerty writes in the true journalistic mood, with an eye to effect; but he tells all that one cares to know and tells it well.

MRS. GEN. JOHN A. LOGAN'S CRITICISM.

[*The Home Magazine.*]

"Warpath and Bivouac; or, The Conquest of the Sioux," by John F. Finerty is one of the brightest and best written stories of our conquest of the Indians that we have ever read. The gifted author has immortalized in eloquent language the sacrifices, trials, and hardships of our gallant officers and soldiers, in their long and trying chases after the wily red man, over ground well known to him, but unknown to them, graphically describing the many bloody conflicts with these treacherous foes. As a nation, we have not fully recognized the services of such heroic officers as Harney, Fremont, Sully, Stanley, Connors, Crook, Miles, Merritt, Terry, McKenzie, Gibbon, Carr, Lawton, Custer, McCauly, Fetterman, Kidder, Elliott, Brown, Grummond, Yates, McKinney, and a host of others, who have displayed such signal ability and dauntless courage in their campaigns and intercourse with the hostile Indians, far too many falling victims to these rapacious savages. We have lost sight of their deeds of daring in our desire to reward the soldiers of the civil war.

The unmarked graves, butchered bodies, and bleaching bones of the fallen on the plains, and in the mountains of the Far West, should not appeal to us in vain. Mr. Finerty has placed the facts before the public as they have never been placed before, and he deserves for his noble work the thanks of the whole country, and a rich harvest from the sale of his book.

TRUTHFUL AND PICTURESQUE.

[*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*]

"The pictures of the life on the frontier are splendidly drawn. Wherever a soldier or friend fell in answer to the summons, or performed an act of heroism, it will be found recorded in 'Warpath and Bivouac.'"

MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN FICTION.

[*Scranton (Pa.) Truth.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book is more attractive than fiction. It depicts with the facile pen of a man who sees and appreciates the picturesque in real life, some of the most thrilling incidents of Indian history, and the author has brought to his task the great merit of accuracy. The volume deserves a large sale."

INTERESTING FROM START TO FINISH.

[*Chicago Morning News.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book contains all the material facts of a history of the operations against the Sioux, but it is written in a narrative style and is interesting from start to finish. His descriptions of the Rosebud fight, the "Sibley Scout," the engagement at Slim Buttes, and his story of the long march in pursuit of the Indians after the Custer massacre, have never been equaled."

INTERESTING AS FENIMORE COOPER.

[*Chicago Evening Journal.*]

"Probably the most exciting chapters of the work are those in which are described the adventures of the Sibley scouting expedition, which the author obtained leave to accompany, and which came near resulting in the capture and death of all who took part in it. The story of the way in which this little band of men were surprised by the Indians, of their siege by ever-increasing numbers of savage foes, of their stout resistance, and of their skilfully managed retreat when all escape seemed hopeless, is none the less interesting because it is strictly true, and is quite as thrilling as a chapter of Fenimore Cooper's novels."

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Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. Address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl street New York.

DOWN AN EMBANKMENT

Terrible Railway Wreck on the Monon Route.

FOUR PERSONS LOSE THEIR LIVES,

And a Large Number Are Injured, Not One of the City Club Vaudeville and Burlesque Company Escaping Unhurt—The Engineer Claims That the Accident Was Due to the Carelessness of Section Men—The Wreck Consumed by Fire.

CRAWFORDSVILLE, Ind., Jan. 12.—The northbound mail train on the Louisville, New Albany and Chicago railroad, which passed through this place at 2 o'clock Monday morning, met a terrible fate two miles out from the station. While going at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour Engineer James Doyle suddenly became aware that something was wrong, as the air-brakes on the engine became set. This was caused by the baggage car breaking away from the tender and a moment later there was a terrible scene. The wreck occurred on a sharp curve and every part of the train but the engine and baggage car rolled down a steep embankment. After bumping over ties for a hundred yards one car caught fire, and Brakeman Bishop, who was stirring the fire, was pinned down by the stove and his neck burned clear to the bone. The injury caused by stumps and trees which broke into the windows of the coaches as they rolled over down the embankment was something terrible.

All of the Company Injured.

The City Club Vaudeville and Burlesque company, numbering twenty-three persons, were on board, and the manager had the horror of seeing his leading lady and dancer literally mashed to a pulp by a rough sycamore stump, which struck her in the stomach. She died instantly. Not a member of the company, which was to open at the Lyceum theater in Chicago Monday night, escaped injury, and of the hundred people on the train not more than a half-dozen escaped without a scratch. Much damage and loss of life was saved owing to the mighty efforts of a gang of icemen who were at work near by. They prevented the spread of the fire and carried the maimed and dying to neighboring farmhouses. Conductor Bills, although badly hurt about the hips and internally, yet was the most active person in the work of relief and was so excited in his efforts that he had to be forced to bed to save his own life.

The Engineer's Story.

Dr. Breyfogle of Louisville, ex-president of the road, together with his wife and son, were on the train going to Lafayette to attend a reception at Purdue university. Mrs. Breyfogle was badly injured in the face. As fast as practicable the sufferers were brought to this city and taken to the Nutt hotel, which now has every appearance of a hospital. The story was first told that the train was thrown from the track by a broken rail, but the engineer has a different theory. He saw two section men at work where the wreck occurred and just afterward they were seen to rapidly make their way south on the track instead of staying to help in the work of rescue. The engineer, therefore, concludes, and everybody else with him, that these two men had left a rail insecurely fastened. At any rate, this does not belong to the list of unavoidable accidents and doubtless some one will be made to suffer.

The Cars Caught Fire.

The accident occurred on a fifty-foot embankment, down which four cars rolled, the engine and one baggage car keeping the track. The first passenger coach rolled over three times. It was full of passengers and caught fire from the stove, but all occupants escaped alive. The baggage and express car went over, but no one in it was severely hurt. The ladies' coach was literally torn to pieces, as was also the parlor car. Help was soon at hand and in a few moments the road was full of the maimed on their way to town. The excitement has been intense and hundreds have visited the scene of the accident. It was one of the most terrible catastrophes that ever occurred on the road. The postal cars went over but the clerks, Fox and Clark, while badly cut, are not seriously hurt.

The Killed and Injured.

The following persons were killed in the wreck: C. N. Cheek, Greencastle, Ind., lumber merchant; Mrs. Rosa Evans, Greencastle, Ind.; Nellie Hanley, New York; Ben Hamburg, Cincinnati, drummer; Mme. Erina Van Rokay, City Burlesque company.

The following members of the City Club Burlesque company are in the list of wounded: Mrs. Robert Fulton, stage name Stella Clifton, of the burlesque company, spine fractured, legs mutilated, dying; Mack Rodgers, badly injured in legs and back; Gus Rodgers, hurt in the back; Cora White of Syracuse, ear torn off and side crushed; Fannie Everett, St. Louis, internally injured and bruised; Ollie Lewis, bruised about head; Helen Love, spinal injuries; Harry C. Bryant of Philadelphia, head bruised, back badly sprained; Madge Larned, Pittsburg, head badly hurt; Miss Lasaner, arm and side injured; Miss Reynolds, leg broken; Curtis Speck, fingers cut off; Paul Allen, head crushed; Thomas Maico, internal injuries.

The Other Victims.

The others badly injured are: Mrs. D. Breyfogle, Louisville, face mashed; William Bishop, brakeman from Lafayette, severely burned about the head, shoulders and back; John Bills, conductor, internal injuries; Melvin McKee, of Chicago, hip and back hurt; E. Whitesides, spine fractured, very serious; J. J. Enright, Chicago, knee and head hurt; Nat Beatty, of Crawfordsville, internally injured; John Fousti and William Hall, of Crawfordsville, cut about the head; A. r. Fox, of New Albany, two gashes in head and leg badly cut; Eugene Dyer, Lafayette, head cut; C. W. Loden, Salem, Ind., badly crushed; C. F. Hoyt, Indianapolis, head, side and back; Eva Marshall, Ellettsville, side and face crushed; Mrs. Ann Hibbs, Wheatfield, face mashed; Ira Hibbs, same address, left arm broken and right hand cut off; Presly Davis, Wheatfield, side mashed; Charles Thompson, Creston, head bruised; M. G. Rutledge, porter of chair car, face mashed; Dave Milsbury, Romney, eye gouged out and arm and leg broken; C. F. Cornwell, roadmaster, Bloomington, back hurt and internal injuries; John Winchester, Louisville, baggagemaster, back hurt; Express Messenger Cutler, Louisville, internal injuries; W. N. Snyder, newsboy, Chicago, shoulder broken.

Another Fatal Wreck.

CASTILE, N. Y., Jan. 12.—A rear-end collision between two Lehigh freight trains occurred in the Erie yard here at 5 o'clock in the morning. A flagman named McCarthy, of Buffalo, and a brakeman named Woodruff, who was making his first trip, were in the caboose and were instantly killed. Ten cars were wrecked, five of which, loaded with oil, caught fire and were entirely consumed, burning the bodies of the dead men. The engineer and fireman escaped uninjured.

GRAVES TAKEN TO PRISON.

The Doctor's Wife Not Informed of His Sentence to Death.

DENVER, Jan. 12.—After his sentence Monday Dr. Graves was returned to the condemned cell in the county jail where he remained until the deputy came to conduct him to the carriage which took him to Burnham, where he was to take the train for the penitentiary at Canon City. Mrs. Graves, it is understood, was not informed of the sentence. To do so would merely have inflicted unnecessary pain. She continues to improve slowly, but a sudden shock might undo all the good that has been accomplished.

Arrival of the Prisoner.

The prisoner was placed on the Denver and Rio Grande train at 8:20. Dr. Graves was heavily ironed, but the party succeeded in getting on the train without attracting any particular attention. Deputy Sheriff Smith then took charge of the prisoner and accompanied him to Canon City. Upon arriving at Canon City the train was met by the "Black Maria" of the state prison in charge of officers and the celebrated prisoner was without delay driven to the penitentiary. Officers were in waiting at the prison and Dr. Graves went through the big iron gate apparently as unconcerned as any of the deputies.

OUR GREAT CROP OF WHEAT.

Greater by 100,000,000 Bushels Than Any Previous Year.

NEW YORK, Jan. 12.—Charles A. Pillsbury of Minneapolis is here, and thus speaks of the wheat crop of 1891: "I have advices from high authority in several European countries which lead me to think that Europe will want all our surplus product. If our crop had not been unusually large we could not meet the demand from Europe. Our crop last year is 100,000,000 bushels greater than it has ever been in a single year, and it is 200,000,000 bushels more than it was year before last. Had it not been for the shortage in Europe the grain crop here would have proved a calamity to the farmers.

Europe's Emergency Our Opportunity.

"Wheat would have been so cheap that it would not have paid to market it. France, according to the best estimates, is short in her wheat crop this year 100,000,000 bushels. Russia is short on her crop of grain, including rye and oats, 300,000,000 bushels, and other European countries are short 200,000,000 bushels. The surplus of other countries has been sold, and there is no supply to be had except from the United States."

Took the Wrong Treatment.

ATLANTIC, Ia., Jan. 12.—Dr. J. M. Emmert, surgeon of the Rock Island road and one of the best known physicians in western Iowa, took atropia by inhalation by mistake. He had been suffering from catarrh and recognized his error in a few minutes. He informed his wife, but before a physician could get to the house he was unconscious and has not rallied. His case is supposed to be hopeless. Dr. Emmert has been a prominent Democratic politician, and in 1886 had much to do with swinging the Iowa delegation, of which he was a member, over to Cleveland.

Fire in a Pennsylvania Mine.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., Jan. 12.—Work at the Hartford mine has been shut down because of fear for the safety of the miners, it having been discovered by a mine boss that a section of the mine in the lower lift, where twenty-four men were killed two years ago, is a mass of fire for a distance of 100 feet. The fire is in a section which has not been worked since the accident referred to above. An attempt will be made to quench the fire through the old shaft where the bodies of the dead men were brought out.

Will Run an Independent Church.

OMAHA, Jan. 13.—Rev. Charles W. Savidge, one of the most noted divines in Nebraska Methodism, has sent to his presiding elder a letter resigning from the conference and inclosing his ordination papers with the information that he had concluded to leave the church to engage in missionary work among the lowly of the city. Rev. Savidge has purchased a church and in the future will run an independent mission. His action has caused consternation in Methodist circles.

Reception to Governor Hill.

NEW YORK, Jan. 12.—The next great political reception of national interest will be given by the Manhattan club to United Sates Senator David B. Hill. The invitation was sent to the senator more than a week ago with a request that he should name a date most convenient to him. He has replied, naming Jan. 27. It is the intention of the managers of the club to make this the greatest reception that has ever been given by the club.

The Illinois-Iowa Base Ball League.

CHICAGO, Jan. 12.—A meeting of the Illinois-Iowa league was held here Monday. Joliet, Rockford, Quincy, Cedar Rapids, and Peoria were represented. Ottumwa, Aurora, and Davenport will be dropped this year and three other cities—one of which will probably be Springfield, Ills.—will be taken into the league. It was decided to have Sunday games and a salary limit of $750 was adopted.

Exploded and Killed Four Persons.

NORRISTOWN, Pa., Jan. 12.—The boiler in a pork packing factory at Bridgeport, near this place, exploded Monday. Two men were killed and several others injured. The killed are: John Shaw, of Conshocken, a butcher; John Myers, bruised and crushed; killed by shock. Benjamin Shaw, aged 15, will die and Thomas Hendren died after reaching the hospital.

Fatal Boiler Explosion.

YORK, Pa., Jan. 12.—A defective boiler exploded at the slate quarry of J. R. Jones, near Delta, this county. William Hazlett was instantly killed and Richard Hughes was so seriously injured that his recovery is doubtful. The boiler house and adjoining buildings were demolished. The boiler was carried a distance of 150 feet.

Shelby County Means Business.

MEMPHIS, Jan. 12.—The county court has ordered an appropriation of $30,000 by Shelby county for representation at the Chicago fair, provided the state raises $100,000.

ENTOMBED IN A MINE.

Awful Result of an Explosion in Indian Territory.

OVER TWO HUNDRED LIVES LOST.

The Explosion Occurred at the Time the Day and Night Gangs Were Changing Shifts and the Bottom of the Shaft Is Jammed with the Dead—Heartrending Scenes at the Mouth of the Pit—Ten Bodies Recovered.

MCALISTER, I. T., Jan. 8.—A report has reached here from a shaft of the Osage Coal and Mining company at Krebs that a terrible explosion occurred there at 5 o'clock Thursday evening, from the effects of which 200 lives will probably be lost. Just before the day shift changed off and came out of the mine for supper a puff of smoke was seen to escape from the mouth of the single shaft to the mine and immediately following this there was heard a terrible report, followed by a rumbling as if of rolling thunder.

The Mouth of the Shaft Closed.

The men at the top of the shaft at once sounded the alarm and made preparations to send down a rescuing party, but found the mouth of the shaft completely closed by the debris. When the messenger left nothing had been done toward getting the men out except to organize the relief party which was to begin at once on the debris. There are between one hundred and eighty and two hundred men entombed in the mine and it is believed every one will lose his life, for the shaft is a single one with no means for air to get to them.

Jammed with Dead Bodies.

It learned that at the time of the explosion nearly 350 men in the shaft. Most of them had stopped work for the day and were waiting their turn to ride out in the cage. They had congregated near the bottom of the shaft and that locality is completely jammed with dead bodies. It is stated that eighty-five men succeeded in reaching the open air by means of an abandoned tunnel. About forty were rescued by lowering of buckets at the hands of the rescuing party outside the shaft. At daylight Friday morning ten dead bodies were carried to the surface. They were so badly bruised and blackened as to be scarcely recognizable.

Heartrending Scenes.

The mouth of the pit is surrounded by a crowd of men, women and children, nearly all of whom have relatives in the mine. Their grief is pitiable and their prayers and cries are agonizing as they beseech the rescuing party to increase their efforts to save their lives. Of the eighty-five men who reached safety by means of the old tunnel, over half of them received injuries more or less severe and many of them are so badly injured by shock and bruises that it is feared they will not recover.

Over Two Hundred Unaccounted For.

It is believed that the explosion was caused by firing a shot when the mine was partially filled with gas. At the present writing 223 miners are unaccounted for. Of this number it is believed that nearly one hundred, and perhaps more, are already dead. Owing to the great excitement at the scene of the disaster and the distance from any telegraph office, it is impossible at present, to get a list of the dead and injured.

RECOVERING THE DEAD.

Latest Details from the Indian Territory Mine Explosion.

KANSAS CITY, Jan. 11.—A special from McAllister, I. T., says there are sixty-three dead and eighty-five injured miners now lying at the improvised morgue, as the result of the recent disaster in shaft No. 11. All night long the men were working to get their comrades out of the pit, and it is now believed that all but ten have been rescued. Of those who were taken out alive fifteen have died. Forty-eight were dead when brought from the pit. In addition to these, eighty-five are so badly hurt that it is supposed that at least twenty will die. These are lying swathed from head to foot in bandages and are so badly injured that they cannot talk to tell the story of the accident.

Close Call for a Riot.

Work in all the mines in the vicinity has been stopped, and all the miners in the other shafts having congregated to render all the assistance in their power to those who are trying to get the dead men from the mine. The miners in the shaft were all white, being of all nationalities, but mostly Italians. At one of the mines in the vicinity negroes were worked and between these and the white miners there has been a constant feeling of antagonism. This feeling came near precipitating a riot when the negroes came to the scene of the accident and offered their assistance. This was done in such a half-hearted manner, and one negro being overheard to say that it was a good thing so many white men were killed off, came near causing trouble, and had it not been for a deputy United States marshal being present with his Winchester rifle the white men would have made an attack upon the negres. The latter were driven from the scene and quiet was restored.

Cause of the Accident.

In the mine at the time of the accident were three carloads of mules, but strange to say, only two of the animals were either killed or injured. The other mules at once became stampeded and ran through the mine frantically and caused great damage by their action. The cause of the accident is said to be a "windy" shot. Fleming, the mining expert and former superintendent of the mine, but now general manager of the Southwest Coal and Improvement company of Colgate, I. T., says the men who fired the shot were to blame for the disaster, for they should not have fired it until all the men were out of the mine. They fired the shot at 5:07, when they should have waited until 5:30. Had they done this there would have been only four or five men in the shaft and not more than four or five deaths would have resulted from the explosion.

Three Railroad Men Killed.

LITTLE ROCK, Jan. 11.—A freight train jumped the track on the Little Rock and Fort Smith railroad near Reynolds' spur. The engine and seven cars rolled down a steep embankment. Engineer Brown, Fireman Freeman and Brakeman Kennedy were killed. The damage to the railroad property will be about $40,000.

Crushed His Life Out.

READING, Pa., Jan. 11.—A shaft weighing 3,500 pounds fell on Charles V. Carman, aged 23 years, employed at the Reading Iron company, crushing the life out of him instantaneously and horribly mangled his body.

EXPLOSION AT CHICAGO.

Four Men Killed and Two Others Badly Injured.

CHICAGO, Jan. 11.—An explosion occurred at 4:45 o'clock Friday afternoon in Warren Springer's building at the corner of Canal and Van Buren streets by which four men were killed and two seriously injured. The dead are: Patrick Rogers, 66 West Jackson street; John Lee, colored, 93 North Lincoln street; Arthur Hall, colored, 269 West Lake street; Edward Bush, colored, remains unclaimed. Injured: Henry Oswald, 355 Fifth avenue; John Leggins, 199 North Paulina street. An alarm was turned in as soon as the explosion was heard in the office of the company, and the police quickly responded with an ambulance and patrol wagon.

The Explosion a Mystery.

When the officers searched the boiler room they found the bodies of three dead men and three who were wounded. Of the latter John Lee died in a few minutes, and the others, Leggins and Oswald, are so badly injured that they cannot talk about the accident. The three dead men were taken to the morgue and the three injured to the county hospital, where Lee died. Officers and employes of the company on the ground failed to give any intelligent account of the accident and seemed to know nothing of how it might have occurred.

THE DEAD KHEDIVE.

Impressive Ceremonies at the Funeral of the Late Ruler of Egypt.

CAIRO, Jan. 8.—The body of Tewfik Pasha, the late khedive of Egypt, who died Thursday afternoon, was removed Friday morning from the Helonan palace and was deposited in the Abdin palace. The removal of the remains was accompanied by most impressive ceremonies in which all the notabilities of Egypt, European and native, together with a large force of troops, took part. The funeral took place at 2 o'clock Friday afternoon.

The Widow Prostrated.

The vice-reine of Egypt, the Princess Emineh, widow of the khedive, has arrived in this city and is prostrated with grief. Prince Abbas, a youth of 17, the eldest son of the dead ruler of Egypt and heir to the throne, was traveling in Austria when his father died. He is now on his way to Egypt on board a special steamer chartered for the purpose of hurrying him home.

Confirmed by the Senate.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 11.—Confirmations have been made by the senate in secret session as follows: Mark W. Harrington, of Michigan, to be chief of the weather bureau in the department of agriculture; to be justices of the court of private land claims: Joseph R. Reed, of Iowa, chief justice; William W. Murray, of Tennessee; Thomas C. Flowe, of North Carolina; H. C. Sluss, of Kansas; W. F. Stone, of Colorado; Matthew G. Reynolds, of Missouri, to be United States attorney of the court of private land claims; to be United States district judges: J. S. Woolson, of Iowa, for the southern district of Iowa; H. C. Miles, of Mississippi, for the northern and southern districts of Mississippi.

Hangman's Day.

SAVANNAH, Jan. 11.—William McCoy was hanged at Homerville for the murder of John W. Bowie last September. At the first attempt to hang McCoy the rope broke and the sheriff had to get new one. The second attempt was not made until an hour and a half afterward, and was then successful.

ATLANTA, Jan. 11.—Ten thousand person saw Allan Bray (colored) hanged for killing Mrs. Prather, wife of a planter. Bray stated on the gallows that two negro women conjured him to commit the crime.

MACON, Ga., Jan. 11.—Sol Rowell and Bob Sipards were hanged at Morgan, the county seat of Calhoun county, for rioting in 1889.

Split in the Ranks.

ST. PAUL, Jan. 11.—It is announced that the Minnesota Farmers' Alliance is split in twain. The anti-Donnelly wing say that although the convention adopted the free silver, land-loan and sub-treasury planks they will refuse to accept them. Among those kicking over the traces are S. M. Owen, late candidate for governor; General James H. Baker, late candidate for congress in the Second district; ex President R. J. Hall, and the entire Blue Earth county delegation. They will go before the People's party convention with a protest against these planks and will withdraw from the party unless a modified platform is given them.

Blaine Attends a Cabinet Meeting.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 8.—Secretary Blaine spent the morning in his library at home with his private secretary, Mr. Dent, going over of documents which had been transmitted from the state department for his examination. At 11:30 Secretary Blaine went to the White House and attended the cabinet meeting, the first time he has been present since Tuesday of last week. He was warmly greeted upon his appearance.

Most Malignant Diphtheria.

COLUMBUS, Jan. 11.—Considerable alarm has been caused by the death of Coroner John Egan and his sister May from black diphtheria in its most malignant form. The two deaths occurred within three hours of each other. Egan was an undertaker and recently had charge of the burial of two children that died of the disease. The health board took prompt action then and it was supposed the disease had been stamped out.

All Quiet in Kansas.

ARKALON, Jan. 11.—Dispatches from the governor have been received ordering the dismissal of the troops heretofore held in readiness for this section of the state, and indications are that there will probably be no further use for soldiers. Court at Springfield has been opened quietly and with no more indications of trouble than would have been observed in any eastern county.

Ex-Governor Hunt Improving.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 11. — Ex-Governor Hunt, of Colorado, who was stricken with paralysis in August last, is at his home in this city. He is improving slowly. Ex-Governor Hunt is well known in railroad circles. It was he who promoted the Denver and Rio Grande, and the first portion of that road were constructed at his expense.

Fatal Boiler Explosion.

OTTUMWA, Ia., Jan. 11.—A disastrous explosion occurred at Phillips' coal mine at Diamond. The boiler burst, fatally injuring the pit boss, John Ryan, and Fireman Harris.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

Items of Interest Condensed for Busy Readers.

Diphtheria is epidemic at Stoneboro, Pa., twenty-three families being afflicted, and the disease is spreading so rapidly that the physicians are hardly able to cope with it.

Joseph Garrison, aged 36 years, shot his wife and himself at their home in Philadelphia. He was crazed by jealousy.

Charles Debear, alias La Rase of St. Louis, a cripple, shot his wife three times, fatally wounding her, and then killed himself.

The supreme court of Pennsylvania has decided that a saloon keeper is liable for damages in the case of injuries received resulting from the sale of liquor to intoxicated persons.

The visible supply of wheat Saturday, as compiled by the New York Produce exchange, was 45,668,724 bushels, an increase of 1,048,507 bushels; and of corn, 7,081,196 bushels, an increase of 1,216,944 bushels.

Alfred Hall was cut severely by Lawrence eLeigh at Ramsey, Ills., the result of an old grudge.

Governor Campbell of Ohio is president of the Ohio Mining company, incorporated at Duluth, Minn., with a capital stock of $1,000,000.

Jerome Oblinger, postmaster of Arlington, Minn., was arrested at Peru., Ind., charged with being short in his accounts.

Considerable comment is caused by the fact that a quorum did not appear at a special meeting of the corporation of the city of Dublin called to draft resolutions congratulating the queen upon the approaching marriage of the Duke of Clarence.

Plenipotentiaries of the powers have signed at Brussels the protocols of the anti-slavery act, which goes into effect sixty days hence.

A Russian financier has arrived in Paris commissioned to negotiate a new loan.

Two New York murderers have been resentenced to be killed by electricity during the week beginning Feb. 8.

It is estimated that there are 300 persons ill with grip at Cairo, Ills.

The police of Pittsburg made an important capture of three burglars, members of a gang of house and highway robbers who have been terrorizing the east end, the fashionable quarter of the city, for months. A large amount of valuable plunder was recovered.

* * *

Thomas Ryan, United States army pensioner, who was arrested on his arrival at Queenstown for carrying concealed weapons, was fined £2.

J. W. West, a prominent citizen of Woodbury, Conn., while standing in his door was shot by some unknown person and died instantly.

The American ship Shenandoah and the English bark Swanhilda are sailing a race from Havre, France, to New York.

The English Quakers who have been making a tour of the Russian famine-stricken provinces are convinced that the distress resulting from the famine is widespread, and they hope that all nations will prove their sympathy with the sufferers in a practical way.

Official figures just issued show that the value of the cutlery exported from Sheffield to the United States during the last year was less than half the value of that exported during the preceeding year.

The wife of John Raffle of Sigourney, Ia., recently left for New York city, but never reached her destination. No trace of her can be found, and it is feared that she perished in some railway wreck.

On Jan. 8, the anniversary of the battle of New Orleans, the Ladies' Hermitage association of Nashville want salutes fired all over the nation in honor of General Andrew Jackson.

M. A. Phillips, a shoe dealer of Duluth, has made an assignment. Liabilities, $52,000; assets, $42,000.

Garrison, the jockey, has signed a two years' contract to ride for Marcus Daly at a salary of $12,000 a year.

Ex-Deputy United States Oil Inspector L. S. Saner of Cedar Rapids, Ia., charges State Inspector Dunn with openly violating the law by allowing unbranded and therefore illicit oil to be sold.

The annual convention of the National American Women Suffrage association will be held at Washington Jan. 17 to 20.

The gold medal given to Virchow on his 70th birthday is the largest ever made. It weighs nearly six pounds, and the metal alone is worth $1,750.

Only one couple in 11,500 live to celebrate their diamond wedding.

Twenty-five hundred women in the United States possess medical diplomas.

In India the Army Temperance association has 141 branches with over 12,000 members.

Photography of speech, or rather of the fleeting expressions and movements of the human countenance during speech, is the latest of the many triumphs of the instantaneous process.

* * *

An unknown vessel was wrecked in Papa Sound, Shetland Islands. It is feared that everybody on board was lost. A quantity of weckage has drifted ashore, including a piece bearing the letters "A. L." The size of the spars indicate that the vessel was a large one.

Nihilist proclamations have been discovered among the troops in Poland. A number of non-commissioned officers have been sent to prison for complicity in the affair.

The Philadelphia board of health has adopted resolutions calling on congress to establish stations for the treatment of persons suffering from leprosy.

Earthquake shocks were felt at Verona, Parma, Modena, Chiavari and Poschiera.

Diphtheria in its most malignant form is epidemic at Locust Gap, a mining town of 1,200 people, two miles west of Mount Carmel, Pa.

Another highbinder murder has been committed at San Francisco. Fong Get was assassinated by an unknown Chinaman, the bullet entering the back of his head.

D. R. Alexander & Co., manufacturers of knit goods at Decatur, Ills., confessed judgments aggregating $23,467. Their assets are said to be twice that amount.

It is alleged that the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers will soon demand an increase of 20 per cent. in wages for certain kinds of workmen.

* * *

McDonald Bros. of La Crosse, Wis., who failed some time ago, are said to have assets of $410,945, and liabilities of $372,000.

A company with capital stock of $500,000, organized for the purpose of manufacturing brass goods, will locate in Chicago, it is said.

A passenger train on the Big Four crashed into a freight train standing on the track at Anderson, Ind. No one was killed.

At Lodz, near Warsaw, Poland, fifteen persons have died of trichiniasis and forty others are ill of the same disease.

The fire losses last year at Beloit, Wis., aggregated but $888, and the insurance paid was only $383, while the premiums paid aggregated $25,000.

August Koshinski was found dead in the Decatur, Ills., coal mine, his neck broken by a fall into the shaft. He leaves a family.

At New York the chamber of commerce passed resolutions petitioning congress to extend financial aid to the fair. The New York legislature was also asked to contribute $1,000,000 toward the expenses of the exposition.

C. H. Paul, county treasurer of Adams county, Neb., is short in his accounts to the extent of $22,000. He is a Sunday school superintendent, and will not be prosecuted.

The policies of the Citizens' Insurance company of Cincinnati have been transferred to the Lancashire company of Manchester, England.

Indian agents, it is said, have been drawing rations for 2,500 Sioux who have no existence except on paper.

Returns issued by the board of trade for the month of December show that England's imports increased £3,830,000 and the exports decreased £1,540,000 as compared with the corresponding month of 1890.

* * *

At Jeanette, Pa., fire did $30,000 damage, partly insured.

Twice within a week incendiary fires have been set at LaHarpe, Ills.

Five thousand cases of influenza are reported on the Island of Guernsey. A boy attacked with the disease at Leitersdorf, Austria, became raving mad.

The London city council has decided that the wedding gift to be presented by that body to the Duke of Clarence and his bride shall be a diamond necklace, valued at 1,600 guineas, for the princess, and a magnificent silver dinner service, valued at 900 guineas, for the duke.

Five thousand dollars worth of new 50, 25, and 10 cent silver pieces have been received at the sub-treasurer's office at Chicago.

Flowers amounting to $14,175,328 were sold by American florists last year.

It is estimated that California will have 469,000 tons of wheat for export before next June.

Among the new students of the University of Kentucky are a woman and her two sons, who have become freshmen together.

Sugar is now being extracted from the sap of sugar pine trees in California. It is light brown in collor and contains a large percentage of saccharine matter.

Fire destroyed the courthouse at Marshall, Minn. It had just been completed and was not yet accepted by the county. The loss is $30,000, and the insurance $18,000.

Fire destroyed the Presbyterian church at White Pigeon, Mich. It was said to have been the oldest house of worship in the state.

Representative Mitchell, a new member of the Iowa legislature, will be elected speaker by acclamation, the other candidates having withdrawn.

Minnesota Democrats have notified the Farmers' Alliance that no fusion could be effected on the platform adopted by the latter.

A cavalry officer says that trouble with the Pine Ridge Indians is imminent, and that ghost dancing is likely to be resumed.

Jay Gould has been sued for $435,000 by the Northwestern Construction company of Kansas City.

* * *

At Barbourville, Ky., Boyd Berry, Tom Richards and William Dale, charged with petty offenses, and Sherrod Bowman and Joe Henderson with murder, dug their way out of the Barbourville jail and made their escape.

By popular vote the people of Toronto have decided that they will have no Sunday street cars.

President Harrison will open the Sisseton-Wahpeton reservation to settlement about April 15. This throws 400 quarter-sections open to homestead entry.

An attempt was made by thirty masked men to break into jail at St. Mary's, Kan., and lynch Murderer Gouldberry, but a revolver shot scared them away.

Four forthcoming books are to have Bernhardt, Langtry, Patti and Mary Anderson as authors.

Professor Workman has been expelled from the faculty of Victoria university at Toronto, for holding that "Jesus of Nazareth is the realized rather than the predicted Christ of the Old Testament."

Louise Michel, the noted French revolutionist, was recently observed working among the books of the British museum. Her face is large, marked with heavy lines and pale and worn, showing the traces of suffering. She dresses quite shabbily.

The Prince of Wales has begun to sign himself "Edward," instead of "Albert Edward," indicating that when king he will be Edward VII.

Dyspepsia

Makes many lives miserable, and often leads to self destruction. Distress after eating, sick headache, heartburn, sour stomach, mental depression, etc., are caused by this very common and increasing disease. Hood's Sarsaparilla tones the stomach, creates an appetite, promotes healthy digestion, relieves sick headache, clears the mind, and cures the most obstinate cases of dyspepsia. Read the following:

"I have been troubled with dyspepsia. I had but little appetite, and what I did eat distressed me, or did me little good. In an hour after eating I would experience a faintness or tired, all-gone feeling, as though I had not eaten anything. Hood's Sarsaparilla did me an immense amount of good. It gave me an appetite, and my food relished and satisfied the craving I had previously experienced. It relieved me of that faint, tired, all-gone feeling. I have felt so much better since I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, that I am happy to recommend it." G. A. PAGE, Watertown, Mass.

N. B. Be sure to get only

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their Express and P. O. address. T. A. Slocum, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the editor. All business letters should be addressed to THE CITIZEN Newspaper Company.

CHICAGO, JANUARY 16, 1892.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—Richard Mansfield.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE,
Corner Clark and Washington Sts.—De Wolf Hopper Opera Co.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—Henry E. Dixey in "The Solicitor."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE,
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Patti Rosa in "Dolly Varden."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—"A Fair Rebel."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—Oliver D. Byron, "The Finnger."

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

A WEAK POINT IN OUR ARMOR.

Some of the American daily papers—notably the Chicago *Tribune*—have of late been giving vent to notes of alarm in regard to the helpless condition of our lake marine, and the exposed situation of our lake cities, including Chicago, in the event of war with England. Under the old treaty, concluded after the war of 1812-15, both America and Great Britain were limited to a few revenue cruisers on the great lakes, but England has cunningly, while respecting the letter of the agreement, violated the spirit of the treaty by permitting her dependency, the Dominion of Canada, to widen and deepen her waterways between the Atlantic seaboard and the lakes, to an extent that will allow, if hostilities should break out, nearly 200 British gun boats, of formidable size, to pass through them and destroy by bombardment every one of our cities from Ogdensburg to Duluth. And to oppose such a force we have, at best, two or three worm eaten tubs of revenue cutters, the most "powerful" of which is the venerable Michigan.

This is, surely, an alarming condition of affairs, but it is nothing new. Years ago, as many of our readers will remember, THE CITIZEN pointed out this great danger to congress, but its representations were met with covert sneers by many of the great dailies, and "Irish hostility to England," rather than Irish loyalty to the United States, was given as a reason for our advocacy of better defensive measures for both seaboard and lakeboard.

In order to meet the danger, our daily contemporaries propose the abrogation of the old treaty which is, practically, only binding on America, and the building of a formidable lake navy. The marquis of Salisbury is too astute a politician to consent to the abrogation of a treaty, which is very useful to England, without exacting guarantees from us that our lake navy shall not be formidable. The encounters of the British of a former generation with our sailors on the great lakes were not so satisfactory in their results to English arms and English interests as to encourage the British minister to let us off very easily. He knows he has us at a disadvantage and he intends to keep us in that position. We might, indeed, do the thing in a high handed way and abrogate the treaty without his consent, but that would be tantamount to a declaration of war, and we are not at present in a condition to go to war with a formidable enemy on our lake frontier. If England were to inaugurate hostilities, without provocation, then, indeed, the spirit of this nation would be aroused, and we would find some way of meeting her armed ships even though every one of our great lake cities should be destroyed in the struggle. If we reach an understanding with England in regard to the abrogation of the treaty, her rights would be co equal with ours, and, as she has already built her boats, we would still be at a disadvantage. Diplomacy presents, under present circumstances, the only practical method of getting out of the dilemma. THE CITIZEN does not believe that England designs an attack upon us, not because she has any love for America or Americans, but because a war with the United States would throw her whole commercial system into confusion. Besides, we are just beginning to be formidable on the ocean, and British commerce would go down like a forest before a cyclone when once our cruisers and privateers were let loose upon it. From this point of view the absence of a large American carrying trade on the high seas is not an unmixed evil. The bombardment, or laying under tribute, of Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit and Chicago by an English lake marine, would be a small offset to the damage we could inflict upon her wherever her flag floated over a merchantman.

But the best, the surest, resource against an attack of British gunboats, in case we should have a breach with England at any time, would be an invasion of Canada in force. We could then seize upon the canals and hold or destroy them, thus shutting the gunboats up in our lakes like rats in a trap. Toronto, Hamilton, London, Montreal and Quebec would furnish excellent guarantees for the safety of our exposed cities, and the president's call to arms would certainly hurl on the Dominion, if necessary, one million of men.

The only complication, now that the Behring Sea matter is virtually settled, that could make England fight us in the near future is the trouble with Chili. She would, no doubt, desire to clip the wings of our commerce in the South Pacific, but she is too shrewd not to know and feel that Chilian friendship would be a very poor exchange for American hostility.

We do not think that our friends of the daily press need to be unduly alarmed about the condition of our lake marine. At the same time steps should be taken immediately to have the objectionable treaty either abrogated or at least modified so as not to have it, as at present, a one sided affair, with the whole advantage on the side of a transatlantic, instead of a cisatlantic power. Surely Secretary Blaine, acknowledged to be the most brilliant head of the state department that we have had for many weary years, will be able to find a dignified way out of the difficulty into which the short sightedness of the American signers of the musty old treaty led the republic.

TEN YEARS IN THE "GAP."

THE CITIZEN has rarely indulged in the habit—common to most journals—of blowing its own trumpet. It has simply allowed its teachings and political policy to speak for it. There are times, however, when it is as desirable for a journal as it is for an individual to take a little natural and excusable vanity in its past. This week THE CITIZEN is entering on the eleventh year of its existence, full of vigor and vitality, and resolved more than ever, if that were even possible, to carry out the good and patriotic work for which it was originally founded. Other Irish journals have been started during the past thirty years in the Northwest. Some of them still live, but the vast majority have gone the way of all flesh—remaining on the surface of the globe only for the evanescent period of a few months or a year. Thanks to the support given it, THE CITIZEN has reached its tenth year stronger and more powerful than ever.

THE CITIZEN has been true throughout all these years to the programme it enunciated when it made its bow to the Irish-American public. It supported the principles of Wolfe Tone and Emmet, or in other words the cause of Irish liberty, as represented by an Irish republic as free from every kind of English rule as Venice is now from that of the Austrian. While thus adopting this radical policy on Irish matters, and while believing that such a policy could not be carried out by any amount of platform oratory, THE CITIZEN always lent its aid to our brethern at home who conscientiously believed that Home Rule could be obtained by constitutional methods.

Weekly newspapers have to contend against a good deal of prejudice. Many readers of the daily press do not patronize them for various and absurd reasons. A weekly newspaper has its *raison d' etre* every bit as much as a daily, while it is a better advertising medium than the daily, as it remains longer in the hands of its readers. Moreover, some of the best newspapers published are weeklies—such as the New York *Nation*, the London *Speaker* and *Spectator*, and other high class periodicals. THE CITIZEN can assure its advertising patrons on undoubted authority that it circulates in all the states and territories of the Union, and that its national teachings are read and studied in Nova Scotia, British Columbia, Africa, Australia, and throughout the length and breadth of the cradleland of our own race across the Atlantic.

The necessity for such a weekly journal should be patent to every Irish American. The American daily press, while paying a fair amount of attention to Irish matters, does not fulfill the wants or desires of the average Irish reader. THE CITIZEN places these facts and arguments before its readers for the purpose of fixing their attention on a subject quite as important to the Irish-American people as to itself. Let us begin the new year with a long pull, a strong pull and a pull altogether.

COL. DAN SHEPARD.

Colonel Daniel Shepard—one of the most popular public men of Illinois—died of consumption at his residence, No. 4009 Drexel boulevard, on Wednesday of last week. The funeral occurred on Friday morning and was very largely attended. Even the halls and stairway of the family residence were thronged with mourners: "The back parlor was occupied by members of the family and intimate friends, and in the center of the room the black cloth covered casket stood, covered with lilies and garlands of flowers. Beside the bier was a large pillow of carnations and roses, the tribute of the Sigma Phi Society, of which the deceased was a member, and a few other floral remembrances. The front parlor was crowded. Among those present were A. M. Jones, Judge Tuthill, Postmaster Sexton, Assistant Postmaster Hubbard, ex United States Senator Farwell, Col. A. C. Babcock, E. S. Taylor, William Taylor, Gen. H. H. Thomas, John Worthy, Capt. McGrath, Col. James P. Root, F. E. Dennison, J. R. Tanner, Pliny B. Smith, Henry H. Evans, C. B. Swigart. The Rev. Dr. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, of All Souls' Unitarian Church, conducted the ceremonies which were brief but impressive. Robert T. Howard, Charles B. Smith and Col. Hubbard, representing the Illinois Glee Club, sang 'Nearer My God to Thee,' after which Dr. Jones offered prayer. The club then sang, 'Abide With Me,' followed by a brief address by the preacher. He paid appropriate tributes to the simplicity and nobility of character of the deceased and dwelt upon his many excellent qualities. The pall bearers were old college classmates. They were: M. E. Dayton, M. B. Rich, T. D. Catlin, P. L. Sherman, A. C. Soper and R. H. McMurdy. The burial occurred in Graceland cemetery."

DEATH OF CARDINAL MANNING.

At the hour of going to press the death of Cardinal Manning was announced in the following telegram:

"LONDON, Jan. 14.—Cardinal Manning died this morning at 8:30 o'clock. Henry Edward Manning was born July 15 1808. He was educated at the University of Oxford, and was graduated with the highest honors. His distinction in scholarship led to his election as a Fellow of Merton College, Oxford. Subsequently he was appointed a select preacher in the university at which he was educated. In 1834 he became rector of Lavington, and in 1840 was made archdeacon of Chichester. These preferments he resigned in the year 1851, when he left the communion of the Church of England and joined that of the Roman Catholic Church. His change of faith caused great excitement in England. Fourteen days later, in 1865, he became archbishop of Westminster, succeeding Dr. Wiseman in that position. In 1877 he was made Cardinal of Westminster by Pope Pius IX."

FATAL ILLNESS OF YOUNG WALES.

It is announced from England that Albert Victor, eldest son of the Prince of Wales and heir presumptive to the throne of the British empire, is almost in the agonies of death from the effects of influenza, to which pneumonia is superadded. The death of the young man would, of course, have no effect whatever on the stability of the monarchy, because Wales has another son, and several daughters, including the Duchess of Fife. In the event of the death of Wales' two sons, the Duchess of Fife, his eldest daughter, would inherit the crown on his decease, and "the heirs of her body," to use the time honored legal phrase, would found a new dynasty, which would be mostly of Scotch blood.

There has been a singular fatality about the eldest sons of the kings of England. Few of them succeeded their fathers on the throne. Edward, the Black Prince, eldest son of Edward III, passed away before his father, and left a minor, called Richard II, to succeed him. Richard proved himself so bad a king, and was so unsuccessful in his two wars against the Irish, under Art McMurrough, that his cousin, Henry of Lancaster, succeeded in deposing him, and had him subsequently either killed or starved to death in Pontefract Castle. Henry V and Henry VI each succeeded in regular form, but the latter's son and heir, Edward, was murdered by the princes of the House of York after the battle of Tewkesbury. Edward V, son of Edward IV, who deposed Henry VI, was one of the princes strangled to death in the Tower of London by order of their unnatural uncle, Richard III. The latter's only son, Edward, died, or was poisoned, before the humpbacked tyrant fell at Bosworth Field.

Arthur, eldest son of Henry VII, died in boyhood, and his younger brother, afterward Henry VIII, became heir apparent, with results which the world knows only too well. Edward VI, Henry's only son, a sickly lad, died in his 16th year. Both of his daughters, Mary and Elizabeth, died childless. James I lost his eldest son, Henry, just before the young man would have come of age. Contemporaneous writers describe this Henry as having been "the flower of the Stuart family." He was learned, brave, accomplished and humane, inheriting also many of the amiable qualities of his unfortunate grandmother, Mary Queen of Scots. His brother, Charles, succeeded to the throne, and was subsequently beheaded by his puritanical English subjects. Charles II, who had no children by his queen, although many by his mob of mistresses, left the throne to James, Duke of York, in defending whose right to the crown of Ireland, our ancestors lost both civil and religious liberty for more than a century. His son, by Mary of Modena, became what the English called "the Old Pretender," and died without having achieved the reconquest of his father's forfeited throne. His son Charles Edward, "the Young Pretedder," after making a gallant effort to re-establish the fortunes of his house, during the lifetime of his sire, fell into despair, became addicted to excessive drinking, and finally died, a broken down old man, in an Italian city. His brother, Henry, Cardinal York, the last of the Stuarts, despairing of ever seeing his line restored, and weary of the long wrangle over the royal bauble, took holy orders, and died in Rome in the beginning of this century. On his tomb, in the Eternal city, he is called "Henry IX of England."

The line of Hanover was hardly more fortunate in its eldest sons. George I hated his heir, George II, so bitterly that they rarely ever spoke to each other. George II detested his son, Frederick Prince of Wales, who died before his father. Frederick was said to have been "the greatest ass and blackguard in Europe." Ireland and America remember, with inextinguishable hatred, his stupid and tyrannical son, George III. His son and successor was justly termed by Lord Byron "the Fourth of the Fools and the tyrants called George." His daughter and heiress, princess Charlotte, whose mother was the unhappy and persecuted Queen Caroline, died before him. His brother, William IV, succeeded, and after him came Victoria, daughter of the next (deceased) brother in succession, Edward Duke of Kent.

Everybody knows that the existing Prince of Wales has painted every capital in Europe a deep carnation. He is notorious as a libertine and a gambler, but has pleasant manners and is, on the whole, the most agreeable member of his family. His son, Prince Albert Victor, alias "Collars and Cuffs," who now lies in mortal extremity, has been into several scrapes, but his connection with the abominable Cleveland street scandal, whether he was innocent or guilty, made him a bye word of reproach, for a time, in Europe. He had to be shipped to India, in order to allow the storm to blow over, and, on his return, in passing through Paris, he was grossly insulted by the mob of that city. His recent engagement to his fat cousin, Mary of Teck, was brought about with the hope of softening public sentiment and allowing him to begin a new career. He is said to be the most unpopular member of the alleged royal family of England, not even excepting his uncle, the prudent and parsimonious Duke of Edinburgh.

Notwithstanding the many vices that have disfigured the brief career of Albert Victor, his death, if it should occur, will no doubt extract poetical fulsomeness from the pen of the aged laureate, Tennyson, and from those of other writers ambitious to shine in the dim precincts of Victoria's dull court. The average Briton dearly loves a king, or the son or grandson of a king, even though the object of his worship may be sunk over ears in moral filth.

At the moment of going to press, the death of Albert Victor, Duke of Clarence, is announced. His younger brother, George, is now, after the Prince of Wales, heir apparent of the British throne. He is said to resemble his father in feature and his mother in disposition. It is all the same to Ireland. She may well say "a plague not on both, but on all your houses."

THE "WAR GAME" IN EUROPE.

THE CITIZEN does not believe that our army has yet taken up the "War Game," now so popular among the military men of the continent of Europe and of Great Britain and Ireland. It may seem rather boyish to see grown men, in uniforms, playing at soldiers, but, no doubt, there is a good deal of military science in the game, and many illustrious captains, notably Napoleon I, made use of pins of different colored heads to indicate the positions and manœuvres of rival armies on military maps. The following account of one of these games, which was played in Dublin on Dec. 30, appeared in a recent number of the *Freeman* of that city:

"A war game, under the auspices of the Military Society of Ireland, was played in the Royal University buildings, Earlsfort terrace. There was a good attendance of members, including General Viscount Wolseley, commander of the forces in Ireland; Major Gen. Moncrieff, commanding the Dublin district; Lord Edward Cecil, aide-de-camp to Lord Wolseley; Major Jackson, Gloucester Regiment; Major Lawson, D.A.A.G.; Col. Courteney, the colonel commanding the Hibernian School, and Major Lindsell. For the purposes of the game it was supposed that an invading army (blue), which landed at Southampton, has advanced through Winchester and Basingstoke, and on the evening of Dec. 29 its leading troops are reported at Hartford Bridge and Eversley. The defending army (red) is concentrated on the Thames about Staines. Guildford, occupied by a small garrison of the defenders, is full of important stores, and thither the troops that have hitherto been watching the Sussex coast have been ordered to move. Accordingly the commander of the advanced troops of the invading army receives orders from headquarters to move on Guildford and seize it, holding it from the enemy's reinforcements from the south, and to send a cavalry regiment to Bagshot, whence patrols are to be pushed forward towards the Thames. Meanwhile the main body of the army headquarters move to Blackwater. The advanced troops consist of one brigade of cavalry, three regiments, one mounted detachment Royal Artillery, two batteries Royal Horse Artillery, three batteries Field Artillery, and four brigades of infantry. Upon the defenders' side the forces are—one and a half regiments of cavalry, three batteries of Field Artillery, one field company of Royal Engineers, and two brigades of infantry. Their manœuvres are as follows—A division which has been watching the southern coast moves north, by Haslemere and Godalming, and reaches Pattenham Common on the evening of the 29th of December. The commander receives orders to push forward on the following day through Frimley and make a reconnaisance in force, destroying the Southwestern Railway, which runs from Farnborough to Basingstoke, so as to render it useless to the invaders. Should the invading army move southeast, instead of on Bagshot, the defending commander is directed to cover this town and prevent their advance. This was the general basis on which hostilities were to proceed on both sides. The players were—Invading force (blue), officers Tenth Hussars, assisted by an officer of the First Cold stream Guards. Defending force (red), officers First Royal Munster Fusiliers, assisted by an officer of the Third Hussars. Major Gen. Moncrieff was umpire in chief. The game, which was quite lengthy, was played on ordnance survey charts with little leaden pieces and counters representing the different classes of forces employed. The "engagement" lasted for several hours, and was watched with interest by the military men present. In the end the blue, or invading force, was declared the victor."

MISS JOSEPHINE FLORENCE MEDILL, youngest daughter of the Hon. and Mrs. Joseph Medill, of this city, died of congestion of the lungs in Paris, France, on Saturday night. Miss Medill had the consolation of being attended in her last moments by her sister, Mrs. R. S. McCormick, wife of the special commissioner of the World's Fair in Europe. The utmost sympathy is felt with Mr. and Mrs. Medill, who were in Southern California when the fatal news reached them, by all classes in this community.

THE second reception of the Sheridan Club will be given on Wednesday evening, January 20, at Bournique's, No. 51 Twenty-third street. The entertainment committee are Messrs. W. F. Carroll, J. R. Geary and J. J. Kinsella.

THE marriage of Miss Mamie Read, eldest daughter of Col. W. P. Read, one of our prominent Chicago citizens, to Mr. Robert C. Newton, son of a well known Confederate general, was celebrated by Archbishop Feehan last week at the archiepiscopal residence.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GENERAL NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS AND CONTRIBUTORS.—Write on one side of the paper only. Leave sufficient space between the lines for corrections and changes. Use as few words as possible. Long communications are seldom printed and almost as seldom read.

"HARPER," St. Louis—The chief poets of the Young Irelanders were Thomas Osborne Davis, John O Hagan, M. J. Barry, M. J. McCann, T. D. McGee, Charles G. Duffy, A. G. Geoghegan, R. D Williams, "Speranza" (Lady Wilde), "Eva" (Mrs. Kevin I. O Dougherty, and "Mary" (Miss Downing). The chief orator was Meagher, with Michael Doheny, Darcy Magee and Maurice R. Leyne as good seconds. Mitchel was the premier prose writer of all of them.

"A DAUGHTER OF ERIN," Peoria—If you will kindly repeat your questions in more explanatory form, we will endeavor to answer them.

H. R. EAGLE & CO.

The enterprising firm of H. R. Eagle & Co., No 68 Wabash avenue, made the first real departure in the important matter of supplying the Chicago public with first-class groceries at reasonable prices, placing the necessaries and luxuries of the table within the reach af all. Satisfied with moderate profits, they have built up a trade of which they may well be proud. They have given unlimited satisfaction to all their customers, and, in consequence, their growth has been phenomenal and is ever increasing. Their list of goods comprises all that is newest and best in the market, and every family that wishes to live well, as well as economically, is recommended by THE CITIZEN to deal with the model grocery house of H. R. Eagle & Co.

THE QUARREL IN IRELAND.

[*To the Editor.*]

It is true that THE CITIZEN has fought the good fight, with its colors nailed to the mast, for the Irish cause. Its editorials on the duty of the hour do credit to its head and heart. Would to God that all of the Irish newspapers in Ireland, and also all the Irish-American newspapers, were fond of giving utterance to such noble sentiments. Were all like THE CITIZEN, there would be little danger of dissension in the ranks of the Nationalists. If the Irish Parliamentary party continues to show a condition of unrest, of turmoil, of internecine quarrelings, and broils and bickerings, we in America must be content to bear the certain consequences of such conduct. It is sad to us in America to find men like Dillon, O'Brien, Redmond, Mahoney, Maguire, Davitt, Harrington and other members of parliament, acting like a crowd of obstinate egotists.

In all conscience, what do these men mean? They seem to think that they have a monopoly of the brains and patriotism of Ireland, and that those who differ from them do so either through lack of sense or lack of honesty. They might profitably reflect that, were they dead tomorrow, the sun would rise and set all the same, and that few outside of their immediate friends and acquaintances would miss them. They will be written down by history relative to their present conduct.

I hope the editor of THE CITIZEN will speak out in his editorials as he has in the past, and especially since that unhappy crisis came upon Ireland, and urge upon the people in Ireland to consider the situation of national political affairs in their country at the present time, and cease this 'cursed controversy. I am, respectfully, JAMES KILLELEA.

Nashville, Tenn., Jan. 12.

PERSONAL.

This week Mr. Eugene Davis, the distinguished poet and journalist, leaves Chicago for Brooklyn where his advent will be marked by the merry jingle of wedding bells. His marriage with Miss Elizabeth Theresa Graham will be celebrated at Father O'Hare's church, Brooklyn, on Wednesday next.

"THE CITIZEN" FOR 1892.

Handsome and Valuable Premiums Offered to Organizers of Clubs, and to Regular Subscribers.

No Irish-American Family Should Be Without a Copy of "The Citizen," the Champion of American Honor, and of Irish Liberty.

TO OUR FRIENDS AND SUBSCRIBERS: On Saturday, Jan. 16, 1892, THE CITIZEN will enter upon the eleventh year of its existence. During the ten years that have elapsed since its first number was issued, it has never wavered in loyalty to true American principles, and to the cause of Irish liberty and independence. It may truly claim that, through sunshine and storm, it has fought the good fight and kept the faith; and it purposes to continue in that path, with colors nailed to the mast. Its record, both in the American and Irish sense, speaks for itself, and it confidently asks the same liberal support from its friends which it has experienced in the past.

Following are the splendid premiums offered to organizers of clubs and regular subscribers for the year 1892:

TO ORGANIZERS OF CLUBS.

1. To any gentleman, whether a subscriber or not, who organizes a club of 100 absolutely new subscribers, at the usual club rates of $2 each, the amount to be paid into this office, with the names of members, a magnificent gold watch, Elgin make, 14 carat fine, size 16 or 18, as may be desired, and warranted of first-class workmanship.

2. To any lady, whether a subscriber or not, who organizes a club of 50 absolutely new subscribers, at the usual club rates, $2 each paid into this office, an exquisite gold watch, Elgin make, 14 carat fine and warranted of first class workmanship.

3. To any gentleman who organizes a club of 25 absolutely new subscribers, at $2 each, paid into this office, a very handsome silver watch, Elgin make, size 18, and warranted first-class in every particular.

4. To any lady who organizes a club of 20 absolutely new subscribers at the above rates, a beautiful silver chatelaine watch, with chain; also warranted first class in every particular.

In making the foregoing offers, it must be distinctly understood that the terms must be complied with in every particular.

The premiums will be sent Free of Charge, by express or registered mail, in the city or country.

PREMIUMS FOR SUBSCRIBERS.

1. To every paid up subscriber, who also pays a year in advance; and who sends in two additional cash subscriptions, a copy of Rand, McNally & Co.'s celebrated colored reversible map of the United States and of the World, worth $5, mounted ready for use, and delivered free in the city or country. Around the margin of this map is printed statistical and descriptive matter of more value than can be found in any volume that was ever published at three times the cost.

2. To every paid up subscriber, who also pays one year's subscription in advance, a handsome volume in cloth binding of the "Oxford" Library of Standard Works; or else a striking and artistic copy, in colors, of Meissonier's famous painting "Retreat from Moscow," containing excellent figures of the Great Napoleon, Marshal Ney, Marshal Berthier, Gen. Rapp and other military celebrities; or an equally meritorious copy of the world renowned biblical painting, "Christ Before Pilate"; or a spirited, artistically colored, representation, after Meissonier's painting of the charge of the French cavalry at the Battle of Friedland.

All these offers are open from this date, Jan. 2, 1893, and advantage should be taken of them as speedily as possible.

TERMS.

The terms of subscription should be borne in mind, so as to avoid confusion. They are as follows:

Individual subscriptions ....$2 50 each.
Club subscriptions, not less than five members.....$2 00 each.

Remittances can be sent by Check, Postoffice Order, Express Order or Registered Mail.

Early attention to this announcement is respectfully requested.

THE CITIZEN NEWSPAPER CO.
Chicago, Jan. 2, 1892.

Something Interesting to Every Family

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

Map of the United States.

A large, handsome map of the United States, mounted, and suitable for office or home use, is issued by the Burlington Route. Copies will be mailed to any address on receipt of twelve cents in postage by P. S Eustis, Gen'l Pass. Agent, C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

REFORM NEEDED.

Some Men, Especially Farmers, Work Their Wives too Hard. It is a Crying Evil.

So Says Eleanor Kirk, and Her Say is Not to be Disputed by the Truly Rural Rulers of the Fair.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Jan. 11.—Somebody, thinking I had never heard the old saw, or written it in my youthful copy books, takes the trouble to send me an unsigned postal card with the following Chestnutian inscription: "Economy is Wealth." Then my unknown critic remarks, "You evidently do not agree with this sentiment judging from your advice to women not to work except when they feel like it."

It is not my custom to notice anonymous communications, but this one happens to point to a text which I have ommited to preach upon, and for which I shall endeavor to make amends in the future.

The would be Solomons of the past century have in their egotism formulated certain sentences—I was about to say principles—upon which the youth of different generations have been raised. Some of these aphorisms, if not all, contain a grain of truth. A few will bear the test of syllogistic analysis, but there are others which are so misleading as to be positively dangerous. Among them is the one above quoted—"Economy is Wealth." We will all agree that if the word economy is properly understood, the danger will be modified if not eliminated, but if there is one word in the language which is less comprehended than another, that word is economy. It means precisely what the individual wishes it to mean. Even true economy will not insure wealth. It will insure, under ordinary circumstances, a degree of comfort in later years which is a very good thing to plan for. But the ordinary translation of this ancient saw does not embody this logical principle. Men in hot pursuit of wealth say to their wives who ask for money to provide, in many instances, the actual necessaries of life, "We must do without these things; Economy is Wealth, you know." The farmer sees his wife grow shabbier and uglier and weaker, day by day, but economy is wealth, you know, and so she scours, and washes and irons, and bakes, and makes, and mends, until she develops a tumor or a disease of the lungs, or loses her reason entirely in the awful hand to hand struggle with circumstances which never should have come into her life. The farmer digs and plants, grows careless and slovenly in his appearance, and has no interest in anything but taxes and mortgages. He may work as hard as his wife, but his environment makes a very great difference in the effect of this labor. His roof is the great blue sky, and he is helped and sustained by all the beautiful forces of nature. He may not care for these things—in the majority of instances does not—but oxygen is oxygen whether one cares for it or not, and the effect of deep and pure breathing goes a great way toward counteracting other evils.

This is the difference there is usually between the ambitious farmer and his wife who is killing herself by means of this hoary headed falsehood. His economy is not wealth; it is poverty—poverty of the mind, poverty of the soul, and poverty of the body. I believe that I am in full sympathy with women, but my sorrow for the farmer's wives and daughters of this country is an abiding sentiment. We talk about the women workers of the old world. They cannot labor any more incessantly and their tasks are not more difficult than our women are obliged to perform. Our wives have kinder husbands. They are rarely hurt and humiliated by blows; but there are farmers whom I know, and who are regarded as just men and loyal citizens, who would not allow a dumb beast on their places to be treated as they treat their wives. I wish these wives would strike—would absolutely refuse to do certain things which have been heretofore required of them, and for which they are incapacitated by weakness or illness. I wish those who have common sense would assume this attitude of independence before they are too weak or too ill to perform these incredible tasks. Such labor is a slow suicide for which there is no excuse. Why I would feed my family on bread and milk, and beans, and apple sauce, before I would work myself into the grave with the preparation of pies and doughnuts, and jelly cake, and goodness knows what, that the farmers' wives think they must prepare for their husbands' and children.

I will stop my lecture right here for my pen has grown rather too warm to handle with safety. But I do wish that my friends who live in towns and cities and who have thought these matters out in the lines presented here, would use all the influence they possess to induce their personal friends who are farmers' wives to consider this subject. There are many fields of missionary work in our beloved land, but I consider this one second to none in importance. Make these women see that their economy is not wealth, but poverty of the most niggardly and criminal description.

"Baltimorean" wishes to know what particular vocal school I approve of, and says that she has been taking lessons of two teachers who were exponents of different methods and was compelled to stop singing on account of the effect upon her throat and lower internal organs. What shall she do?

This is a question which I do not know how to answer, although her complaint is only one among thousands. There are fifty false methods of voice culture to one true one, and it remains for the parents and guardians to look into this matter and decide intelligently about it. A method that scrapes the throat and causes an ache in the lungs or the pelvic region is as destructive of health as it is of voice. At present I know of but one teacher—at least one that I would give my child to for this purpose, though I do not doubt that there are scores of equally conscientious and competent ones right around me. A teacher of vocal music must have a spiritual as well as a physical basis to work from, and must know how to show the folly of a false method at once. In the meantime do not try to sing until you can do so without injury.

ELEANOR KIRK.

IRISH-AMERICAN CLUB RECEPTION.

The second monthly reception and ball of the Irish American club was held at their rooms, No. 40 Dearborn street, last Wednesday evening, and was largely attended. President John S. Cooke, assisted by Mr. Stephen O'Brien and other gentlemen, dispensed the hospitalities of the club in whole hearted fashion, and everybody felt happy. The festivities were kept up to a late hour, every number on the extensive programme being danced to the entire satisfaction of the participants. Among those present were noticed Mr. and Mrs. John S Cooke, M P. Farrell, Mr. and Mrs. John M. Carroll, Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Cooke, Mr. and Mrs. Francis T. Colby, M. F. Donaghue, Miss Donoghue, Miss Lydia Donoghue, Thos. Kelly, M. Walsh, Miss Angela Walsh, Miss A. Moody, F. A. Donoghue, Miss Brennock, Miss Rose Brennock, Miss Lena Koenig, James Conlan, Jr; Miss Jennie McKay, Miss Mamie Sheldon, Frank O'Brien, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Lynch, Thomas Cannon, Miss Julia V. Cannon, Miss Angela Donnelly, Misses Teresa and Agnes Mullaney, Andrew W. Sullivan, Miss Rose Sullivan, Miss M. A. Brennock, P McHugh, John J. Gallery, Mr. and Mrs. P. H Roche, Mrs. E. S Ross, Mrs. Ragen, M F. Madden, Miss Jennie Clancy, J S Cyland, Mr. and Mrs. E. Hurley, Miss Mate O'Connor, T. D. Farrell, Thomas. S. Wade, S. J. Reed, Miss Mollie Quirk, Miss Helena Quirk, Miss Katnerine Wade, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Goodwillie, Mr. and Mrs. John B. Lynch, Thomas G. Lynch, Miss Teresa Lynch, Mrs. Daniel Murphy, Miss Murphy, S Weadley, Miss Agnes Graham, J. B Heeney, Misses Teresa and Frances Heeney, Stephen O'Brien, T. J. Sennott, S. D. O'Hara, Miss O'Hara, D. F. Kelly, William Fogarty, Miss Katie Cleary, Miss M. Marx, Mr. and Mrs. Grant Eshenberg, John R Ford, W. Ford, Miss Katie E. Ford, John F Kelly, Milwaukee; Thomas F. O'Neill, N. D. Laughlin, James J. Moore, M. Ritchie, Miss Agnes Ritchie, Miss May Sullivan, Miss Stella V. Hennessy, Mr. and Mrs. John F. Finerty and others.

Death of Mr. John Gleason, Ishpeming, Mich.

Mr. John Gleason, a prominent Irish-American of Ishpeming, Mich., and a gentleman who always took an active interest in all worthy causes, was mysteriously shot and killed in the Cleveland iron mines office at that place last week. He was a noble hearted man, and his death has caused widespread mourning in the Upper Peninsula. The following preamble and resolutions bear eloquent tribute to his memory:

At a meeting of Division No. 5, A.O.H., held in the city of Ishpeming on Tuesday evening Jan. 5, 1892, the following resolutions of respect were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God to remove from among us one of our most esteemed members, John Gleason, and

WHEREAS, His death is not only a blow to his bereaved relatives but is also deeply felt by his brother members of this division; therefore be it

Resolved, That the announcement of his death comes home to us with the weight of a personal bereavement, while to his young wife, children, fond parents, brothers and sister—whom he loved so well—the blow is especially sad. His true friendship commanded the respect and esteem of all with whom he came in contact.

Resolved, That we tender to his bereaved wife, children parents, brother and sister our heartfelt sympathy in the loss of a beloved husband, a noble son and brother, upon whom they looked as a pillar of strength and the spirit of his brave and good qualities shall remain with us.

Resolved, That by his removal the Order has lost an energetic and faithful member, who had endeared himself to all who knew him by his many good qualities and friendly disposition, and one whose active interest in the affairs of the Order will be held in deep remembrance, and the city of Ishpeming a good and loyal citizen whose loss it will ever deplore.

Resolved, That our charter be draped in mourning for a period of thirty days in memory of our deceased brother.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be published in the city papers and THE CITIZEN of Chicago.

WILLIAM LAUGHLIN,
PETER FITZPATRICK,
JAMES MURPHY,
Committee.

CATHOLIC NEWS.

DEATH OF BISHOP LAUGHLIN.

The Right Rev. John Loughlin, the first bishop of the diocese of Brooklyn, says the New York *Tablet* of last Saturday, died on Tuesday at 4.25 p m., at the episcopal residence, Greene and Claremont avenues, in the 75th year of his age. While the bishop's health has not been so robust ever since the celebration of his golden jubilee, last year, it was only recently that his condition became at all serious. Against the warnings of his physicians, he continued to perform his arduous duties, until the general collapse of his system came. This was while ordaining a priest at the chapel of St. John, on which occasion he was carried from the altar in a fainting condition. The last episcopal function he performed was the ordination to the priesthood of the Rev. William Farrell, who was present at his deathbed. The ceremony was performed last Sunday week, and as that day was the bishop's 74th birthday and the candidate for holy orders a warm personal friend, he insisted on officiating. Last Sunday he had intended to be present at the dedication of St. Stanislaus' new church, and his inability to attend was the first intimation given that he was seriously ill.

Bishop Laughlin was born Dec 20 1817, in the parish of Clanduff, county Down, Ireland, one of the historic spots in the province of Ulster. His father was a tenant farmer, and was driven from his patrimony by the severity of the penal laws and emigrated to America in 1828. He settled in Albany, and sent his son to school there until, developing a vocation to the ministry, he was entered as a student at Chambly, near Montreal, Canada, where he finished his classical course. He made his theological studies at Emmittsburg, Md., where he had as fellow students some who later attained eminence, among them the Right Rev. William George McCloskey, the present bishop of Louisville, Ky. He was ordained to the ministry by Bishop Hughes in the old Mott street Cathedral Oct. 18 1840, and his first charge was as a missionary parish in Utica. He displayed such energy that he was soon recalled to New York and was made assistant pastor, and afterward pastor of the old Cathedral parish. His faithful and energetic discharge of the duties won for him the post of vicar general in 1849, and three years later he was further distinguished by being selected as Bishop Hughes' theologian at the first plenary council of the Catholic church, held in Baltimore in 1852. One of the most important actions taken by this council was the establishment of several new diocesan sees, among them that of Brooklyn with jurisdiction over all Long Island. Vicar General Loughlin was the unanimous choice of the council for the head of the new diocese of Brooklyn. Bishop Hughes' secretary, the Rev. James Roosevelt Bailey, was chosen as the first bishop of the newly created diocese of Newark, and the Rev. Louis de Goesbriand was selected as bishop of Burlington, Vt.

The three young bishops were induced with the mitre and crosier of episcopal authority with the pomp and ceremony befitting such an occasion on Oct. 30, 1853, Bishop Hughes preaching the sermon of the day and Cardinal Cajetan Bedini, papal nuncio, officiating as consecrator.

He was formally installed in St. James' church, Jay street, Nov. 9, 1853, and at once made the old church his cathedral. For his episcopal residence he chose the present parochial house just opposite St. James', which had been built for an orphan asylum in 1827 by Father Farnan. Bishop Loughlin was one of the most eminent doctors of the Catholic church.

OBITUARY.

MR. JOHN M. FINERTY.

John M. Finerty, the inventor of the cotton picker, died in Washington Dec. 30 at the age of 74 years. He was born in Ireland, and after coming to this country engaged in business in St. Louis, where he accumulated a fortune when the war began. He lost all by the war. In after years Mr. Finerty resided in Memphis, Vicksburg and other southern cities. He was well known in Washington, and was extremely well liked by the public men, as well as by the private citizens, of the national capital. He was an inventor of great merit, and his railroad spike and ballot box are famous.

MR. THOMAS BARRETT, JR.

We regret to announce the death of Mr. Thomas Barrett, Jr., aged 21 years, at the residence of his father, 368 Campbell ave., in this city. Deceased was a most estimable young gentleman, and his funeral cortege bore testimy to the respect and esteem in which his father and family are held. Requiem mass was celebrated over the remains at St. Jarlath's church on Monday by Rev. Father Cox. Mrs. Maguire and Mr. John R Murphy sang suitable solos, accompanied by Dr. Tibbitts. The floral offerings were most profuse, especially a column sent by employes of the city collector's office, of which Mr. Thomas D. Barrett, father of the deceased, is chief clerk. The remains were followed to Calvary by numerous old friends of the family.

MR. JOHN O'SULLIVAN.

Mr. John O'Sullivan was born in Dingle, county Kerry, Ireland, in 1811. He was the father of Rev. Samuel O'Sullivan, deceased, formerly of St. Patrick's church, this city; of Mrs. Nellie Parvin and Mrs. Kate McGraw, of Leavenworth, Kansas. Mr. O'Sullivan was a resident of Chicago for twenty two years. A pious Catholic, he led a most exemplary life; an ardent Irishman, he rejoiced in the Milesian prefix to his honored name; an excellent musician, he delighted in the melodies of his native land, which he played to perfection. He died at the patriarchal age of eighty one years, fortified by all the consolations of religion.

HYMENEAL.

DOWLING-SHEEHAN.

Mr. John F. Dowling and Miss Mamie J. Sheehan were united in marriage on Wednesday evening, Jan. 6, at St. Bridget's church, by the Rev. Father Dowling, V. G. The church was filled with their many friends. A reception was given by Mr. and Mrs. Sheehan, parents of the bride, in honor of the event. After a sumptuous repast, dancing was freely participated in by all. The usual music was supplemented by the stirring bagpipes. Not the least interesting numbers were the several songs given in the sweet, expressive Gaelic language. A most enjoyable evening was spent by all present. Mr. and Mrs. Dowling start life together under very favorable auspices, and with the best wishes of their many friends. They will make their home at 3067 Lyman street.

Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Dowling, parents of the bridegroom; Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Powers, Mr. and Mrs. Craig, Mrs. Nellie Hamilton, Mrs M. McCarthy, Mrs. John Ryan; Misses Julia Carmody, Louise Hamann, Delia Dwyer, H. McElliott, Aggie Dillon, Mary Burke, Lizzie Carmody, Annie Burke, and Mary Biggins; Messrs. Ed Dowling, Daniel Dowling, Thomas Ashton, John Carmody, Patrick Stack, Al. Higgins, M. Killagrew, Thos Lyons, James Dowling, and others.

To Denver via Burlington Route.

Only one night on the road. Leave Chicago at 1:00 p. m., or St. Louis at 8:25 a. m., and arrive at Denver at 6:15 p. m. the next day. Through Sleepers, Chair Cars and Dining Cars. All Railways from the East connect with these trains and with similar trains via Burlington Route to Denver, leaving Chicago at 6:10 p. m., St. Louis at 8:15 p. m., and Peoria at 3:30 p. m., and 8:00 p. m. All trains daily. Additional express trains, making as quick time as those of any other road, from Chicago, St. Louis and Peoria to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Cheyenne, Black Hills, Atchison, Kansas City, Houston and all points west, northwest and southwest.

THE OLD CAUSE.

BY T D SULLIVAN.

Here's to the old green land once more!
Here's to the dear old cause again!
Good men have pledged the toast before
In deeper floods of redder rain.
Their fight is fought, their duty done,
But fill the flashing wine cup high!
We'll bear the grand old banner on
Some distance yet before we die!
Hurra! hurra!
Perhaps it may
Be our blest fortune to behold
That banner bright
In Freedom's light,
Display its Harp of Gold!

Ha! listen, friends and comrades brave,
They thought our nation's soul had flown;
They laid her in a narrow grave,
Beneath another heavy stone.
In vain! we've seen her on the height,
We've met her in the valley green,
She whispers to our hearts tonight,
With harp tones gushing oft between!
Hurra! hurra!
She wakes the lay,
That nerved the arm of Brian bold,
That fanned to fire
Fitzgerald's ire
Upon her Harp of Gold.

Aye, let the same old strain arise,
The land they loved to us remains;
We have the same soft, cloudy skies,
The purple hills, the verdant plains.
We have a dearer cause than theirs,
For time has brought us down since then
The added wrongs of many years—
The flowing blood of other men,
Hurra! hurra!
God speed the day
So long expected and foretold,
When tones that tell
Of joy that swell
From out that Harp of Gold.

IRISH NEWS.

ACCIDENT NEAR CLONMEL.

On Thursday evening week a little boy named Flaherty, from the Heywood road, Clonmel, was returning with a donkey and car from the kiln at Ardgeeha, where he had been for a bag of lime, and when coming through the borheen behind Mrs. Bell's wall the car was overturned and the little fellow was thrown out, and the edge of the box thrown down on his neck. He was in this very critical position—the bag of lime being thrown on his feet, in consequence of which he was unable to move—when Mr. Henry N. Lowe, who was on his way home, happened fortunately to come up. He at once raised the car off the boy's neck, and calling for help, was soon joined by a man named David Houlihan, in the employment of Mr. Shortiss, who had been attracted by the cries when walking on the road. Between them they righted the car, and then found that the poor little lad was unconscious. He was taken into Burke's house close by, where he shortly afterward's recovered, and was then brought home by his mother. It was ascertained his collar bone was broken. He had a most providential escape.

THE NEW BISHOP OF WATERFORD.

A telegram received in Cork recently conveyed the intelligence that Canon Sheehan, of the church of Saints Peter and Paul, had been appointed to the vacant bishopric of Waterford. The announcement was received with extreme satisfaction by the most reverend gentleman's parishioners, and, indeed, by the entire Catholic body of Cork, among whom the new bishop is very popular. Canon Sheehan is known as a clergyman of fervent piety and deep erudition, and is president of several educational and literary societies in the city. Indeed his zeal in the cause of educational progress and culture is only second to his zealous interest in the cause of religion.

PIOUS REDCOATS.

On Dec. 25 the usual Christmas festivities and observances took place at Newbridge and the Curragh camp. A unique feature of the occasion was the celebration of a military mass in the camp, the celebrant being the Rev. John Delaney, assisted by his brother, the Rev. Father Delaney, Catholic chaplain of the forces, and the Rev. Father Sutherland, O. P., Newbridge. The mass commenced at 11 o'clock. Previous to that a guard of honor of 100 non commissioned officers and men of the 18th Royal Irish, armed cap a pie, had taken up their positions in the sacred edifice, the non commissioned officers facing the altar and the men lining the passages. There was a "present of arms" at the entrance of the priest, the elevation, the communion, and the benediction, which took place immediately after the mass. The several orders were called out in a fine resonant voice by Sergeant Major Bergin, of the 18th Royal Irish. The nave of the church was crowded with military. Major General Lord Ralph Drury Kerr, attended by Capt. Wogan-Brown and several other officers of all denominations, was in supreme command. After the first gospel an eloquent sermon was preached by Rev. Father Sutherland. The music of the mass was rendered by Mr. James Dunne, assisted by gentlemen and lady amateurs. The officers of the Welsh regiment contributed £100 to provide suitable decorations, etc., for the Christmas festivities.

COUNTY WEXFORD STATISTICS.

The county of Wexford, according to the census returns just issued, covers an area of 576 588 statute acres, or 2·7 per cent. of the whole country. Of these 139 099 acres are under tillage, 58 471 under meadow and clover, and 308 385 under pasture. The population has decreased 9.8 per cent during the last ten years In 1881 it was 123,854, as against 111 778 in the present year. The number of inhabitants fifty years ago, that is to say, in the year 1841, was 202,033. The number of distinct families in the county at the time of the late enumeration, was 22 984, the average number of persons in a family being thus 4·8 and the number of inhabited houses 23,238, showing an average of 4·9 persons in each house. The statistics of the religious professions show that 91·4 per cent. of the inhabitants are Roman Catholics. 7·9 per cent. Protestant Episcopalians, 0·2 per cent. Presbyterians, and 0·3 per cent. Methodists. Of these the Roman Catholics show a decrease, since the year 1881, of 9·4 per cent; the Protestant Episcopalians, 13·7 per cent.; the Presbyterians, 13·2 per cent; the Methodists, 5·6 per cent. The educational returns are less satisfactory than in some counties already noted. In the present year 61·6 per cent. of the inhabitants could "read and write," while in 1881 only 51·5 could do so. The per centage of illiterates fell from 33·2 in 1881 to 26·9 in 1891 Those who could "read only" in 1881 numbered 15·3 per cent of the inhabitants; they have now fallen to 11·5 per cent.

IRISH COMMERCE.

From statistics published in the *Board of Trade Journal*, it appears that 1 771 emigrants left Ireland during the November of 1890 Of this number 1 473 went to the United States. Although the emigration during November shows a comparative decrease, there is a substantial increase in the number who emigrated from Ireland during the eleven months ended Nov 30, as compared with the corresponding period of last year.

The export of cattle from Ireland to England during November shows a material decrease—the number being 90 126 as against 128 555 in November, 1890 However, the total number exported for the eleven months ended Nov 30 is almost exactly the same as that exported for the corresponding period of last year, the actual figures being 587 158 in 1890 and 587 340 in 1891 Although the export of cattle has remained stationary, that of sheep has increased by more than a third. The number of sheep exported, last November amounted to 60 297, as against 44 107 in November, 1890, and this increase has characterized the export during the last eleven months, no less than 858 664 sheep being shipped to England, as compared with only 625 132 for the same period of last year. The export of swine, however, shows a decrease both on the month and on the year up to Nov 30. The export only amounted to 57 332 last November, as compared with 75 380 in November, 1890; which on this year up to the end of November, 438 655 swine were exported as compared with 535 225 during the corresponding period of last year.

The principal result in the Irish fishery industry during last November was achieved in the hering fishery—the value of the fish landed being £4 438 as against only £2 486 for November, 1890. The next important item in the statistics published by the Board of Trade is the cod fishery, £2 250 worth being landed as against £1 449 in November, 1890. Haddock, mackerel, and hake come next in order, the respective values being £1 631, £1,618 and £1,585. The total value of the landed during the eleven months ended Nov. 30 last shows, however, a serious decrease on the value landed during the corresponding period last year, the amount being £298 649 for the present year, as against £363,264 for 1890.

RAILWAY ACCIDENT.

A sad accident occurred at the Black Bridge, near Grangagh Castle, on the Waterford & Limerick railway, at a distance of about two miles from Waterford, at about 11 50 on Friday night week. A respectable farmer named Patrick Dunphy, of Graigue, county Kilkenny, was making a short cut to his house by the railway line when he was knocked down by a pilot engine and one of his legs completely severed from the body at the knee. The engine, which was coming at great speed down the incline, was stopped as soon as possible, and reversed slowly, the stoker walking back to see what was the matter. He discovered Dunphy lying in the gully beside the track bleeding to death. The engine had by this time returned, and the driver, Thomas Barclay, bound the wounded limb tightly above the knee, and thus staunched the flow of blood. The injured man was then lifted on to the footplate of the engine and brought into Waterford. He was then immediately conveyed to the Leper hospital, where he was attended by Drs. Cutler and Mackesy, who did not hold out the slightest hope of recovery. The engine driver states that when he saw Dunphy, who appeared to be under the influence of drink, he sounded the whistle several times, and Dunphy, who was walking between the up and down lines, stepped on to the down line and thus met with the accident which will, in all probability, result in his death. The greatest credit is due to Barclay, the driver, for his prompt action in arresting the flow of blood, as if he had not done so the unfortunate man would have bled to death on the spot.

A Remarkable Case.—Mr. Walter Wheeler, of the Washington Mills, Lawrence, Mass., for two years afflicted with varicose veins, accompanied by a troublesome eruption, was completely cured after taking only eight bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

T. Shea, Merchant Tailor

No. 184 East Madison street, fine custom suits at reasonable prices; also uniforms for all organizations.

400 Miles as the Crow Flies

Is the distance covered in a single night by the Limited Express trains of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway between Chicago and the Twin Cities of the Northwest—St. Paul and Minneapolis. These trains are vestibuled, electric lighted and steam heated, with the finest Dining and Sleeping Car Service in the world. The Electric reading light in each berth is the successful novelty of this progressive age, and is highly appreciated by all regular patrons of this line. We wish others to know its merits as the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway is the only line in the west enjoying the exclusive use of this patent. For further information apply to nearest coupon ticket agent, or address F. A. MILLER, Assistant General Passenger Agent, 209 Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

Catarrh Cured.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren street, New York, will receive the recipe free of charge

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ESTATE OF LUCINDA RELYEA, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Lucinda Relyea, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of February, A. D. 1892, being the 15th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, December 15, 1891.

JOSEPH L. KOTAL, Administrator.
David Sullivan, Attorney.

FAIRY TALES.

The time I like for fairy tales
Is when the day begins to die,
Just as the brilliant sunset pales,
And twilight shadows gather nigh.

When I can sit before the fire
That blazes with a ruddy light,
And hear the tales that never tire,
Of magic fairy, gnome and sprite.

And sometimes as the shadows fall
Across the floor from every side,
A goblin dances on the wall,
And gnomes within the corners hide.

Then as the firelight blazes high
We see the shadows run away,
And silently again draw nigh,
Like spirits of the wood at play.

And when the embers faintly glow,
Upon the smoke I see ascend
The little folk I love to know,
Who vanish at the story's end.

—Flavel Scott Mines in Harper's Young People.

FIAKI'S BIRTHDAY.

As it was winter and very cold, they had drawn around the prince the screens of precious woods in the little hall where he sat dreaming, his arm upon an elbow rest richly inlaid with pearl. Magnificent robes of soft, downy silk overlapped and crossed their many colored collars upon the breast of this daimio, and on the shoulder and embroidered in gold on the sleeves was a star formed of five balls surrounding a sixth, the well known coat of arms of the illustrious family of Kanga, who had no equals in power in all Japan save the family of Shendai or the family of Satsouma.

Yet, this prince, who meditated thus in the depths of this palace, was very powerful, very rich and very renowned, his people admired and feared him, his vassals were ready to die for him, his least desire was a law to all surrounding him; nevertheless, today, he found himself exceedingly unhappy, helpless, poverty stricken, deplorably poverty stricken in thought and fancy; for had he not, for many days past, sought for some surprise to celebrate the birthday of his only daughter, and had been able to imagine none?

It was also true that this princess, who tomorrow would be sixteen years of age, possessed all that it was possible to possess—marvelous birds, fantastic fishes, extravagant dogs, chariots, bullocks, horses, palaces, everything that one could conceive of, and even marvels of which one did not dream brought specially for her from distant countries.

The daimio told himself, shaking his head, that he had too much indulged his beloved daughter; that he should not have indulged her thus till she had exhausted—she, hardly entered upon life—all the riches of the world. Now he had nothing to offer his child, to astonish and charm her.

Still pondering, still wondering, for a long, long while through the cloudy transparency of the window, he allowed his wearied gaze to wonder over the stripped garden, under the gray and weeping heavens.

"What did she really still desire?"

Suddenly he sprang to his feet.

"We will see her," said he, "see her, and perhaps be able, without her suspecting anything, to divine her caprice."

He turned and struck the gong hanging by a silken cord from the teeth of a monster in bronze.

Immediately the panels forming the walls glided noiselessly apart, separated to each side, permitting you to see a long perspective of room after room filled by samourais of service, pages, guards and household domestics. The samourais—noble vassals wearing two swords—bowed profoundly before him; the pages and servants prostrated themselves, brows to the ground.

"I am going to visit my daughter," said the daimio gravely. "Come!"

And immediately the escort formed about him, while the guards ran in advance to clear the way.

Fiaki—that is to say, Ray of Sunlight—in a well closed hall of her own special palace, was seated, according to custom, upon broad white mats laid upon the floor, the long folds of her magnificent trained robes billowing and spreading about her like the leaves of a gorgeous fan, tissues, muslins, silks and satins, the most abundant of them all a sky blue gauze figured with spiders' webs, in which were caught the petals of rare flowers.

The face of this young girl was white as cream, her tiny mouth like a cherry cleft in twain, disclosing two rows of fine little rice grains; her eyebrows shaved and replaced by two little black spots made with a brush and placed high up on her brow, while her long hair, following the mode of royal fashion, was unbound and streaming down her back to lose itself in the folds of her garments.

The maids of honor formed a half circle about their mistress, and in front of her, behind a light carved balustrade, a dancer moved slowly, waving her fan in time to the notes of the orchestra, intoning a strange, weird chant, with a gotto, a biva, three kinds of flutes, a drum and a tambourine.

At the prince's entrance the symphony ceased, and Fiaki quickly concealed behind the spiders' webs of her sleeve the twin cherries of her lips, which was a salute to her father, tender and chaste.

He smiled with pleasure at the sight of the beauty and grace of his idolized child. She rose to greet him, and, like a sea agitated by a sudden tempest, the silk, satin, muslin and brocade of her skirts rustled and undulated behind her. He caressed her lovingly, heaped her with tender names, calling her his Incomparable, his Supernatural Beauty, his Perfume of Heaven; then he demanded of her if she were perfectly happy, if there was aught that she desired?

"Ah! illustrious prince! adored father!" Fiaki responded, bending backward her supple body in a pretty movement of sorrow, "how can any one be happy when the earth suffers as now and the sky continually drops tears? The gods have been cruel in creating winter. Not even the purity of the snow can create for me an illusion of my vanishing spring."

The daimio listened thoughtfully; then, in a deeper reverie still, returned to his apartment.

"It is certain," said he to himself, "certain that spring, and spring only, is all that Fiaki desires."

And he stopped to lend an ear to the sharp wind blowing against the palace walls.

Already the twilight was far advanced, the gray dawn waiting to take the gray evening's place.

"Yes, spring, spring only," murmured the unhappy daimio, dejectedly resuming the seat that he had quitted a while ago.

Suddenly his sorrow changed to anger, and he summoned his prime minister, Nai-Dai-Tsin ran, bending low his back and anguring nothing good for himself or others from the gloomy face of his master. The daimio was silent a moment, as if hesitating to give an order so extraordinary; but soon, with an irritated shrug of the shoulders, he spoke:

"Tomorrow, Nai-Dai-Tsin," said he, "will be my daughter's birthday. I desire—do you hear me?—I desire, I say, that dawn shall break on the trees and bushes of the park and all the country round about the palace covered with flowers, as in the first months of spring. Go!"

"You shall be obeyed, master," replied the prime minister, bowing himself out backward.

But once outside consternation seized him, and he let his arms fall helplessly in the long sleeves of his gown.

"It is exile, it is death," murmured he; "yes, death! For I have not the time to fly sufficiently far away, and thunder has fallen upon me from the clear sky of full prosperity!"

His legs bent under him; he caught at the walls to keep from sinking.

"What could he do to avoid disgrace? Nothing, nothing," he told himself, after he had thought over the matter carefully. For the pleasure of his child his royal master had seriously commanded spring! For a long while he stood without thought, his head hanging like a ball of lead on his miserable breast; then he cast lethargy from him and turned with a resolute air.

"Come, courage, Nai-Dai-Tsin," said he. "A Japanese does not tremble before death. Quick, the saber first, the stroke in the stomach; the poinard for the throat!"

He drew out the weapon and prepared for the stroke, but paused reflectively.

Was it really impossible to simulate spring, and thereby, instead of ruin and suicide, conquer eternal fortune? No use to despair too quickly; there was always time to die.

But he could not repress a start of terror on seeing how deep the shadow had grown beyond the palace and how rapidly the lights were springing up, like fireflies in the darkness.

"All the park and all the country round about," murmured he; "and only one night!"

Then, on the run, he regained his dwelling, called the council together and, without giving them time even to seat themselves, imparted to them the extraordinary order transmitted to him by the prince.

"An order to be executed under penalty of death before the dawn of the day," said he, recklessly indifferent to the terrified faces of those surrounding him. "The prince's humor is not to be trifled with; he will hear to no reason. But listen and fully take in the idea that has come to me, which may be the salvation of all. Go from here and set to work at once in all the country round about—men, women, children, nobles, laborers, merchants and peasants, with silk, cloth, satin, velvet, paper or gauze—to work at once, I say, manufacturing artificial flowers. If stuff be lacking let them cut up their clothes, their hangings, their screens, their rugs for the floor—briefly, all that may seem to them necessary or good. Then all these flowers, before daybreak, too, must be tied, nailed, glued or sewed upon the trees, plants and bushes, the smallest along the edges of the roads, the tallest farthest away in the fields, all the artists and painters in the neighborhood following upon their steps to direct the decoration and give finishing touches of the brush wherever needful. I, in person, will watch over and foresee everything; our safety depends upon it."

Less than an hour later there was not a palace, a house in the city or a hut in the country where they were not feverishly occupied manufacturing flowers, and whoever had looked from the tower of the Kanga palace, shortly after the turn of the night, into the park and neighborhood would have believed himself in a sea of lanterns, which surged and leaped from tree to thicket—an army of fireflies chased by foxes.

But at this hour the illustrious daimio snored peacefully behind his screen of gold incrusted ironwood; and the Incomparable princess, in the softened rays of light sifting through the frail pearl leaves of a swinging lampadaire, reclined upon cushions and sought to compose in her dreams a fitting poem on spring.

Her women had just finished dressing her next morning when the Princess Fiaki heard under her window the notes of an orchestra and the chant of many voices.

"Ah!" said she, with a wearied gesture, "I remember! My birthday today! Why was I born in winter?"

The maids of honor threw wide the window sashes.

"True, mistress," returned they, "but see, the beautiful weather!"

Beautiful indeed, the sky, for once, as if it had been a courtier clothed for the fete in a heavenly blue, across which a gay sun rolled of a gold a trifle pale. Languidly the princess advanced to the outer gallery and leaned from the balustrade. But then, what a cry of surprise and joy! What was all this she saw before her? Was it possible? Flowers, flowers everywhere! The spring, then, had come!

"What!" said she, turning from side to side and running from end to end of the gallery, "almond trees red and white, peach blooms, lilies, apple blossoms! What a miracle!"

Moreover, through all these spring roads and pathways gayly dressed throngs were hurrying to pay their respects to their prince's daughter: the great seigneurs on horseback, the noble dames in bullock cars or the regular nourimanos.

Fiaki hastened to descend. The daimio met upon the terrace steps and she threw herself into his arms with a cry of, "Father! father! thou art in truth a god!"

Then they strolled the park and gardens to admire this magic spring. Fiaki laughed and danced and clapped her hands like a child, and immediately a great chariot shaped like a pavilion, all aglow with gold stars and drawn by white bullocks, drew up at the terrace steps for the princess and her maids of honor to take a ride through the country. Then the visitors entered their cars and fell in line and it was one long, joyous, brilliant and interminable procession.

The prince led the way, the prime minister beside him, grave and impassible in his triumph. The scene of enchantment was the same along all the roads, the warmth of the sun and the light golden fog that faintly veiled the face of nature rendering still more complete the illusion of spring, richer, more flowery, more generous in all respects than the real springtime.

"And what a delicious perfume!" cried the happy little princess, every instant thrusting her pretty little head out of the chariot to see the better. "What a delicious perfume floats in the air from all these flowers!"

Delicious indeed! The daimio himself smelled it—scent fountains and atomizers, in fact, hidden in the harnessing of the beeves, the spray from which mingled itself with the breath of the animals.

Ever and ever so far they went into the country. Wild with delight, Fiaki could not abridge her happiness. Then she wanted to return by another road—was it possible?

A little uneasy, the prince regarded his impassible minister.

"Does the princess desire," demanded he, "to return by the hills or the orchards?"

"The orchards, by all means," the young girl responded; "it is further and more beautiful."

And by the orchards they returned; as Fiaki had said, more beautiful than all they had seen. Soon the pink blossoms of a plum tree caught the princess' attention.

"I must have it," she cried, "a branch of that plum tree to carry with me as a souvenir of this wonderful spectacle."

"The game is up!" moaned the prince to himself, throwing an appealing glance upon his minister.

But the minister had neither paled nor trembled.

"I will do myself the honor of plucking it for you," said he, putting spurs to his horse and returning a moment later with a superbly flowered branch.

No sooner done than the maids of honor wanted a piece, and then all the noble dames, seeing that they were really permitted to pluck the blossoms, leaped from their cars and demanded fragrant souvenirs on their own account.

Really this was too much. The prince paled with anger and was going to order them to move on, but the minister reassured him with an imperceptible shrug; he knew women well—he had foreseen this also, and at a sign to an assistant a cart drove up loaded to the top with dewy blossoms, and all were provided with that which they demanded.

Nai-Dai-Tsin had unhesitatingly pillaged all the conservatories of the palaces and had men mingling with the crowd with bags full of flowers till the word was given. The prince, who had not divined this very simple device, was speechless with amazement.

"Thou art truly a wonderful man," he murmured in the minister's ear, as they re-entered the palace, "and thou hast done far more than I could possibly have hoped; but even in the delight of this wonderful fete, there has been in me a dull disquiet—how shall we ever be able to surpass this spectacle for the coming year?"

Meanwhile as the daimio tarried to speak to his minister, Fiaki descended from her chariot; at the same time the son of the prince of Satsouma, who had far to come and who had just arrived at the palace with a brilliant escort, advanced to salute her.

A very handsome young man, too, and so brave that in spite of his youth he was already much talked about. Deeply moved at so much beauty, he stood before Fiaki, and she, no less blushing and confused, buried her face in the fragrant blossoms in her hand and could say not a word.

Nai-Dai-Tsin, who seemed to see everything, called the prince's attention to them, and to the mutual mental disturbance that seemed to leave them both tongue tied.

"When the seventeenth year of your daughter arrives for her, my lord," said he, "give her for husband that handsome prince there, and she will love him more than today she loves the spring."

The daimio's face broadened into a delighted smile and he hurriedly thrust a gold and bronze trinket into the prime minister's hand.

"The key of my treasure box, Nai-Dai-Tsin," said he; "take it, use what you will, and heed my advice—be not too modest!" —Translated from the French of Judith Gautier by E. C. Waggener for Short Stories.

England's Peerage.

"Our Old Nobility," as most people are aware by this time, is a superstition. At least a half of the hereditary peerages have been created within the last sixty years, and not one-fourth were in existence 150 years ago. The peerage consists, for the most part, of clever lawyers, who, as Burke said, are only birds of passage in the lower house, successful commanders, unsuccessful party hacks, munificent party backers and wealthy brewers. These are "Our Old Nobility," and we entirely fail to see why anybody should object to their buying themselves into "Our Old Properties."—Pall Mall Gazette.

INCREASED SERVICE.

HOW THE TYPEWRITER HAS AFFECTED TELEGRAPHY.

Backed by an Extensive Code, the Telegraphic Service of the Various Big Press Associations Has Been Revolutionized by the Machine.

By far the most important and valuable improvement in the efficiency of the electric telegraph in the past three or four years has been brought about by the introduction into telegraph work of a machine that has absolutely nothing electrical about it—the typewriter. It has become absolutely indispensable in several of the more important branches of the telegraph service, a necessity to the complement of every first class operator, and soon its lively patter will be the unvarying accompaniment to the brisk clicking of the sounder in every telegraph office in the land.

The most striking example of the value of the typewriter in telegraphy is afforded by the press service. In this branch it has entirely superseded the pen and stylus throughout the whole country, and no operator is eligible for a position on a United Press or Associated Press circuit, or practically on any press wire, unless he is a typewriter expert. He simply could not do the work. The typewriter was first introduced into the office of the Associated Press as an experiment about seven years ago, and for the last two years it has been used exclusively in all offices of the United Press and the Associated Press.

The United Press has six circuits running out of New York, reaching all the principal points as far west as St. Paul and south to New Orleans. The number of offices on a circuit varies from eight to twenty. The Associated Press serves practically the same points by substantially similar circuits. Over these wires the special dispatches from the various points are received, and the main volume of news collected in New York, the great collecting and distributing point, is sent out for service to the newspapers in the associations. Before the introduction of the typewriter the "night report" averaged about 8,000 words on each wire, and the whole day's work amounted to about 18,000 words. Now the night report runs to about 14,000 words and the whole day's service averages about 30,000 words.

BENEFITS THE OPERATOR.

A first class operator can send about forty words a minute, continuously and well, but experience has shown that it is very difficult for a man to write with a pen or stylus more than thirty or thirty-five words a minute, steadily and continuously, for a number of hours. The service of the press associations in New York requires from twenty to thirty copies to be taken of every dispatch. In other cities the number varies from four or five copies upward. They were formerly made with an iron or agate stylus on tissue paper interleaved with carbonated sheets. The labor of pressing through so many thicknesses of paper in order to make a legible copy on each is enormous.

The strain, muscular and mental, of writing thirty-five words a minute in this manner for eight or nine hours nightly, following the dictation of a sender who could always greatly excel the writer in speed, has been responsible for the nervous and physical breakdown of hundreds of operators. On the typewriter a speed of seventy words a minute is easily acquired and maintained, and with slight modifications in the machine thirty copies and more can be taken with as much ease as one. There is no cramp and little fatigue in the operation of the typewriter, for eight fingers do what was the work of two, or practically eight motions take the place of one.

With the introduction of the typewriter the sending operator dropped away in the rear. Then the practice of abbreviating came into use, and the sender in his effort to keep up to the machine clipped his words and dropped out their vowels. Walter P. Phillips, general manager of the United Press, has devised and compiled a code of abbreviations and logograms, skillfully arranged with a view to the best utilization of the shortest and most convenient signals in the telegraphic alphabet. It is a very excellent system of telegraphic shorthand, and is now in general use for press work.

EXAMPLES OF THE CODE.

A few excerpts from the code will show its character and scope and give an idea of what may be accomplished in the way of speed with its aid. Short phrases that occur frequently are represented by single letters, as "F" means "of the," "K" means "out of the," "V" means "of which," and so on. There are about 6,000 abbreviations and symbols of two and three letters representing much used words or short phrases. "Pprn" stands for "preparation;" "Sby," "subsequently;" "Nbh," "neighborhood;" "Kcn," "concentration." There are some especially brief contractions, as: "Oljod," meaning "only a limited jobbing demand;" "Mwdc," "market without decided change."

This aggregation of letters, "If ou blgs can n alw hv t supm adg o rpsntg trad, ty r at leas dilgnt in thr dvon to uglines," coming over a wire would be written out by the typewriting operator, "If our buldings cannot always have the supreme advantage of representing trade, they are at least diligent in their devotion to ugliness."

With the aid of the Phillips code the sending operator can transmit sixty words a minute with greater ease than he could send thirty without it. The receiving operator with his typewriter can keep up to his speed as a pleasant pastime. It is impossible to rush him. The actual speed of transmission has been increased from between thirty and thirty-five words to from fifty to sixty words a minute.—Electricity.

Mark Twain put an old truth in an attractive dress when he said, "A lie well stuck to becomes history."

Treatment of the Ear.

The human ear is a much more delicate organ than most people suppose. It is extremely dangerous to interfere with it by use of earpicks or any of the various instruments used for the purpose of cleaning it from wax. The wax is a natural secretion, and unless the ear becomes diseased it does not accumulate any faster than is necessary to protect the passage from the entrance of insects and various particles which might otherwise be forced in and tend to interfere permanently with the hearing.

The greatest care is necessary in washing the ears of little children. They should be washed outside, but on the inside only so far as the finger wrapped in a soft towel will go. The practice of forcing a hair pin or any other hard instrument into the ear passage is fraught with danger of injuring the membrane, causing permanent deafness. Earache is a malady of childhood and causes most distressing pain. The simplest remedy for it is to take a little cotton dipped in warm sweet oil and put it in the ear passage.

A danger that may arise from doing so simple a thing as this is that minute particles of the cotton may be left in the ear. To prevent this, some physicians advise making a little wad of the cotton and wrapping it in the finest and thinnest linen cambric that can be found, and dipping this in warm sweet oil. In case of intense pain a few drops of hot laudanum or camphor may be used with the oil.

When foreign bodies get into the ear they should be removed by syringing them out with warm water. To attempt to remove anything from the ear passage by forcing an instrument in is a rash thing for any one except an aurist to undertake. The best medical practitioners refuse to treat affections of the ear or eye, but send their patients to specialists.—New York Tribune.

The Consumption of Cigarettes.

There are 1,500,000,000 cigarettes smoked throughout the United Kingdom every year. The paper used for rolling them is exceedingly thin, the quantity required to make 500 only weighing one ounce. Sixteen medium sized cigarettes weigh one ounce. Twelve cigarette papers can be cut out of a sheet of ordinary note paper—or forty-eight out of a folio sheet—which in bulk would represent 31,250,000, or 130,208 quires, or 65,104 reams of imperial folio, as the annual consumption of paper for for cigarettes.

Tobacco used for a year's supply of cigarettes, at the rate of sixteen to one ounce, would be 5,859,375 pounds—or 266 tons 9 hundredweight 3 quarters 5 pounds. London alone consumes 1,000,000 per diem. The United States use 2,400,000,000 per year, or about 68 for each of the adult population, or 100 for each male. Russia consumes 2,593,000,000; Austria, 1,980,000,000. French smokers consume 10,000,000 francs' worth of cigarettes every year.

In one term of fifty-nine days no fewer than 80,000 cigarettes of a certain brand were sold by one tobacconist in Cambridge, while the total number smoked there in the academical year of 168 days is estimated at 3,360,000.—London Tit-Bits.

Musical Signaling.

It is a theory which seems to have been confirmed by practical experiment that a pure tone of voice, such as that used in singing, penetrates to a much greater distance than mere noise. This idea has given rise to a new system of marine signaling, to be used either at night or in foggy weather, and based entirely upon the action of successive musical tones.

A limited number of combinations of notes can be made to carry on all the conversation necessary between approaching vessels to avoid collision, or between lighthouses and dangerous points of the coast, in order to prevent wrecks.

Four notes, for example, serve to ask, "Which way are you heading?" and two others mean, "I am steering southeast."

The system can be employed on a large scale by means of machinery, consisting of a keyboard, on which the operator would play, and "speaking apparatus." It is expected that by such apparatus communication may be established at a distance of two miles. The invention can be adapted to the Morse code of signals when it becomes necessary to spell out names and words.—Youth's Companion.

Future Warfare.

With regard to "smokeless powder," Colonel Lonsdale Hale observes that, though the report of the rifles when fired is heard, it is very difficult to see whence the rifles are fired. Under certain conditions no trace of smoke can be distinguished. Minor acts of surprise, he considers, will be more frequent in the future, and will often partake of the nature of ambuscades. Very small bodies of cavalry, intimately connected with infantry, forming in action patrols with the latter, will therefore be necessary, and it will no longer be possible to discover will posted batteries.

On the whole, Colonel Hale considers that only a war can absolutely decide what the effects of the improvement in small arms will be. One thing, however, is certain—that is, that the difficulty of leading troops has considerably increased.—London News.

Stag and Foxhounds.

In olden times stag hunting was a favorite amusement of the nobility, and the dogs used in such sport—part greyhounds and part bloodhounds—were given the name of staghounds. Foxhounds, in like manner, were trained to hunt the wily animal, from which they gained their distinctive appellation.—Detroit Free Press.

The Universal Metal.

The future of aluminium, now that the price of the metal has been so wonderfully reduced, will be one of great utility. The German military authorities are about to use it for cartridge boxes and lining of knapsacks.—New York Journal.

MOSBY'S "CLOSE CALL."

How the Guerrilla Chieftain Was Once Captured, Shot and Left for Dead.

"It was one of the closest calls I ever had, and I was pronounced as good as a dead man by the Federal surgeon who made a hasty examination of me after the shooting."

The speaker was the noted southern raider, Colonel John S. Mosby, who now resides in San Francisco, but was spending a few days in the city. He and I sat together on a settee in the corridor of a Broadway hotel and talked about war times. The colonel—he was never a general—pushed back his slouch hat and his gray eyes gazed at the ceiling as if it were a map of the war. He forgot that he had ever been a politician and spent seven years of his life as consul to Hong-Kong. His memory went back twenty-seven years, to a period when he was known to the north as a guerrilla raider. I had been talking to him about narrow escapes, and the conversation led to the following narrative by the colonel:

"It was in December, 1864, in Virginia, that I thought I had received a fatal wound. I was captured, but not recognized, and left for dead by the Federals. I have seen an account somewhere of this adventure of mine, but it had no resemblance to the truth. That verisimilitude of detail was lacking to rescue the story from pure fiction.

"On that evening in December I was eating supper at a farmhouse and not suspecting the approach of Federal cavalry. The farmer, his wife and daughter were friends of mine, and a son of the family was under my command. I was ravenously hungry, and by the aid of a tallow candle—gas and oil were not used in Virginia then—I was eating sausages and pone bread. Such luxuries as sugar and coffee were not in the menu. Suddenly the door was opened and several Federal officers entered. The house was entirely surrounded by a regiment of cavalry. I had on a long gray overcoat, and on the collar was the insignia of my rank as colonel. Jumping up I raised both hands and carelessly grasped my collar, hiding the insignia of my rank. They did not know who I was, except that I was a Confederate.

"I looked down the barrels of several revolvers and surrendered. Of course I racked my brain to find out some avenue of escape. It came in a dangerous way. The soldiers on the outside fired through an open window at me and a ball struck me in the left side. The firing created confusion, and the officers rushed out to avoid being shot by their own men. In the haste of their departure the table was overturned and the candle went out, leaving the room in darkness. This was my chance. I ran into an adjoining room, pulled off my coat and tucked it under a bureau. By that time I was growing weak from loss of blood, and I fell.

"The Federals came in and the surgeon examined me hastily. I distinctly remember that he said I was shot in the heart, though how he managed to locate the wound there is a mystery to me. I was stripped of what clothing I had and left in almost a nude condition. They asked me my name and I gave a fictitious one. The farmer was interrogated, but he did not tell them my name. As they did not suspect that I was Mosby they soon departed.

"Although it rained in torrents and the lightning was incessant I was carried away in an ox wagon. All the mules and horses in the place had disappeared weeks before and only a yoke of oxen remained. Two negro boys, the farmer and his daughter drove the wagon and acted as my escort. Before they started I was rolled in several blankets and made as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. They conveyed me three miles to my men, and when they unrolled me and examined my wound I said I was shot in the identical spot that General Jeb Stuart was, and I thought I would die. The ball went straight through Jeb Stuart, but fortunately in my case it deflected and went upward. In six weeks I was strong enough to be in the saddle again. I have been wounded six times."—New York Herald.

At the Dinner Hour.

The national congress comprises within its bounds and metes a number of great American citizens who are not what might be called "de rigger" in society or quite comme il faut as to all the proprieties, and their families are as yet somewhat similar to them. One of these new statesmen arrived with his wife and four children one afternoon two or three days before congress opened, and took up his quarters in a swell hotel. The youngsters, and in fact all of the family, had concluded that coming to Washington was a fine thing and they enjoyed the conclusion thoroughly.

At half past 6 they went into the dining room to dinner, but "supper" as they seemed to think, and the boy among the children had both his eyes wide open. When he had been seated he spotted a gentleman across the table receiving his dessert. Then he reached for his mother with a grab.

"Gee whiz, maw," he whispered, so everybody near could hear him, "ain't it great in Washington? They've got puddin and pie for supper."—Detroit Free Press.

A Queer Marriage Custom.

In the Loo Choo islands there are some strange social fashions. A Japanese gentleman who has recently returned to the capital from a tour in these islands states that what mostly attracted his attention was some curious marriage customs. One consists in the bridegroom going round to all his friends' houses and permitting them to dress him up in any ridiculous style that they fancy. Sometimes the happy man is arrayed in a gayly painted kimono, the sleeves of which are tied up with a string laden with bells, toys and trumpets. A mask is then put on and a red hat, the "rig out" being completed by an empty kerosene tin which rattles noisily along as he walks, accompanied generally by a crowd of children.—London News.

The Formation of Tumors.

The oldest theory by which it was attempted to account for the origin of tumors ascribed it to a peculiar state of the system, a "cancerous diathesis," which rendered the tissues of the body liable to "cancerous degeneration." The great answer to this theory is the large number of cases now on record in which complete cure of the disease has been attained by early and thorough operation, for if the tumor does not return at its previous site or elsewhere it is manifest that its cause must have been a local one and must have been removed with the tumor.

The coexistence of several tumors has been advanced as proof that there was a constitutional taint, but more careful pathological work has shown that in almost every case it can be proved that where there are several tumors one is considerably older than the rest, and that the latter are secondary and owe their existence to an infection from the first. The old theory also fails to explain why the cancerous growth remains confined to one small portion of the body for so long a time; and why, after removal, it persists in returning to the same locality; whereas both of these facts become clear at once on the supposition that cancer is a local disease.—Harper's.

Britishers Enlightened.

Miss Jennie O'Neill Potter relates a funny story of an experience in England during her tour in that country. She was invited by the Royal artillery to give an entertainment in aid of a military charitable institution at Woolwich garrison, near London. Her readings met with approval, and in response to an encore she recited "Sheridan's Ride." An old general of the Royal artillery, who was chairman for the occasion, came to Miss Potter during the interval and said, stroking his gray mustache: "Aw, Miss Pottah, don't cher know, several persons wish to know—aw—where the incident of this—aw—Sheridan's ride took place. Of course I've heard about it, but it has—aw—quite escaped my memory."

"Why, general," replied Miss Potter, who dearly loves a joke, "that Sheridan's ride took place at the battle of Bunker Hill."

"Certainly it did," rejoined the general, who rose, and addressing the audience, said, "Ladies and gentlemen—In response to numerous inquiries I have to inform you that the ride of General Sheridan was an incident of the battle of Bunker Hill."—New York Telegram.

Peculiarities of French Bread.

In Paris bread is indeed the "staff of life." It is carried about the streets without even a string around it. Women clasp the long rolls affectionately to their bosoms and rest the ends against their hair. Men forget that it isn't a cane they are carrying and rap the end of the loaf on the pavement as they walk. I saw a little boy in the dirt by the Seine using a long piece of bread for a plaything. Presently he wiped it upon his dress and took a mouthful. I saw a woman sitting on a bench in the Luxembourg gardens cosily hugging a great round loaf—without any wrapper, please remember. We heard angry voices before our window, and beheld a woman thumping a man with a fresh baked roll. It broke in two, but the woman beat a tattoo on his back with the pieces. When we go to buy bread we are tempted to ask, "How much is it a yard?" We are sure the French people never die of lockjaw, for any grinding apparatus that can stand the test of years on this bread can stand anything. —Paris Cor. Chicago Post.

Glass and Paste Diamonds.

Of late years paste diamonds, imitation diamonds, quartz diamonds and glass diamonds have been placed upon the market in quantities, and it is difficult to distinguish many of these from the genuine articles. They are cut in the most approved style, and a good quartz diamond, cut in the shape of a brilliant, makes a very effective show. Its value, however, is less than one-twentieth of that of a diamond of similar size and shape.

Glass cut in prism shape will illustrate the value of angles in any transparent body, and glass diamonds can often be cut so that they resemble greatly the pure water gems. Fine, large diamonds are so very expensive that many wealthy people prefer to wear imitations on general occasions and leave the genuine stones for only very important and special times.—George E. Walsh in New York Epoch.

The Ivory Nut in South America.

The ivory nut is grown in the equatorial regions in South America. The principal point of shipment is Colon, on the Isthmus of Panama. Like the banana, the ivory nut is perennial in its native clime, and may be found in all stages from the bud to the ripened nut at all seasons of the year. The nuts grow in great bunches of about fifty incased in a shell, as are chestnuts in the burr, though the shell outwardly resembles in roughness the surface of a pineapple. The entire cluster of nuts in this shell is as big as a man's head. This shell comes off easily after the nuts are ripe. At this stage they fall from the trees—which are fourteen or fifteen feet in height—and are packed on the backs of natives to the points of shipment. They are about the color of an unwashed last year's potato and as hard as an elephant's tusk.—New York Telegram.

Singular Ocean Sponges.

A singular ocean sponge is the glass rope, which sends down into the mud a coiled wisp of filaments as thick as a knitting needle. The latter opens out into a brush, fixing the creature in place after the manner of a screw pile. Still another remarkable sponge is found in the deep water off the Loffoden islands. It spreads out into a thin circular cake, surrounded by what looks like a fringe of white floss silk. Yet another curiosity is the "eupectella" sponge of the Philippines, which lives embedded to its lid in the mud and supported by a lovely frill.—Interview in Washington Star.

CROUPY SOUNDS

At night, from baby's crib, are distracting to parents who are at a loss for a medicine equal to the emergency. Not so with those who have **Ayer's Cherry Pectoral** in the house. A dose of this medicine affords certain and speedy relief. To cure colds, coughs, sore throat, asthma, bronchitis, hoarseness, and the various disorders of the breathing apparatus, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has no equal. It soothes the inflamed tissue, expectorates, and induces repose. Cap. **Call For** U. Carley, Brooklyn, N. Y., writes: "I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in my family for thirty years and have always found it the best remedy for croup, to which complaint my children were subject."

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CATHOLIC CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Where the Different Churches are Situated and the Hours at Which Mass is Celebrated and Vespers Held.

The following directory is published in the benefit of the Chicago readers of THE CITIZEN, and Catholic visitors to the city:

Cathedral of the Holy Name—State an Superior sts. Masses at 5:30, 6:15, 7:45 and 9:30 a m; mass at 8:30 exclusively for children; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m

St. Patrick's—Adams and Desplaines sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; children's mass and choir at 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m; services every Thursday at 7:30 p m, in the chapel. Rev. Thos F. Galligan, pastor. Residence 135 W. Adams st.

St. James'—Twenty-ninth st and Wabash ave. Masses at 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 a m; high mass at 11; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Hugh McGuire, pastor. Residence 2924 Wabash avenue.

Holy Family (Jesuit)—May and Twelfth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Edwin Kelly, S. J., pastor. Residence 417 W. Twelfth st.

St. Jarlath's—Jackson street and Hermitage ave. Masses at 6, 7:30, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Thomas F. Cashman, pastor. Residence 658 W. Jackson st.

St. Mary's—Wabash ave. and Eldridge court. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. E. A. Murphy, pastor. Residence 543 Wabash avenue.

Church of the Nativity of Our Lord—Thirty-seventh and Dashiel sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. J. M. Cartan, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Bridget's—Archer ave. and Church st. Masses at 6, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. M. J. Dowling, pastor. Residence 2923 Archer ave.

All Saints' Church—Wallace st and 22d place. Masses at 5, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. E. Dunne, pastor. Residence 2542 Wallace st.

St. Procopius—Eighteenth and Alport sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10, with sermon; vespers at 2:30 p m. Rev. P. Nepomuck Jaeger, O.S.B., pastor. Residence 704 Alport st.

St. Francis of Assisium—Corner of W. Twelfth st. and Newberry av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 8:30 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Ferdinand Kalvelage, pastor. Residence, 296 W. Twelfth st.

St. Stephen's—Corner of Ohio and N. Sangamon sts. Masses at 7, 9, and high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. Fagan, pastor. Residence 185 N. Sangamon st.

St. Peter's—Corner Clark and Polk sts. Masses at 5:30 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. M. Neumann, O. S. F., pastor. Residence 440 S. Clark st.

St. John's—Clark and Eighteenth sts. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. T. J. Butler, pastor. Residence 176 Eighteenth street.

Sacred Heart—Johnson and Nineteenth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, and 8:30 a m; children's mass at 8:30; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. M. J. Corbett, S. J., pastor. Residence 49 W. Nineteenth st.

St. Columbkille's—Corner of Indiana and Paulina sts. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Thomas Burke, pastor. Residence 519 W. Indiana st.

St. Malachy's—Corner Walnut st. and Western av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m Rev. Thomas P. Hodnett, pastor. Residence 333 Walnut st.

St. Pius—Corner Ashland av. and Nineteenth st. Masses at 6:30, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. F. S. Hennebery, pastor. Residence 58 Ashland av

St. Anthony of Padua—Corner of Mc Gregor st. and Twenty-fourth place Masses at 6 and 7:30 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Peter Fischer pastor. Residence 2434 Hanover st.

St John Nepomucene—Corner of Twenty fifth st and Portland av. Mass at 8 a m high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev Francis Bobal, pastor. Residence 49 Twenty-fifth st.

Church of the Assumption—Illinois st. between Franklin and Market sts. Masses at 6, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m vespers at 7 p m. Rev. S. Moretti, pastor Residence 64 Illinois st.

Church of the immaculate Conception B. V. M.—N. Franklin near Schiller st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m vespers 7:30 p m. Rev. P. J. Butler, pastor Residence 497 N. Franklin.

St. Michael's—Corner Eugene and Hurlbut sts. Masses at 5:30, 6 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 2:30 p m. Rev J. Leutte, C. SS. R., pastor. Residence 234 Cleveland av.

Notre Dame de Chicago—Vernon Park place near Loomis st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. A. L. Bergeron, pastor. Residence 15 Sibley st.

St. Vincent de Paul's—Corner Webster av and Osgood st. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30. Rev Felix Guedry, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Paul's—Hoyne av. and Ambrose st Masses at 8 and 10:30 am; vespers at 3 p m Rev. E. Weber, pastor Residence 169 Ambrose st.

St. Aloysius—Thompson and Davis sts Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10:15 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. J. Thiele, pastor. Residence, adjoining church.

Church of the Immaculate Conception—2904 Bonfield st. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7 p m. Rev. P. L. Biermann, pastor, Res. 2904 Bonfield st.

Holy Trinity—Lincoln and Taylor sts Mass at 8 a m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. D. H. Thiele, pastor. Residence 833 West Taylor st.

Church of the Annunciation B. V. M.—Paulina st. and Wabansia ave. Masses at 6, 8, and 9 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers and benediction at 3 p. m. Rev. Hugh O'Gara McShane, pastor; Residence 521 S Paulina street.

St. Charles Borromeo's—Twelfth and Cypress sts. Masses at 6 and 8:30 a. m., high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev P. D. Gill, pastor. Residence 78 Cypress st

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SUBORDINATE COURT OFFICERS.

Holy Family Court No. 1—J K Clowry, C R, 433 Blue Island av; J L Shepherd, Treas; W J Wallace, R S, 120 W Taylor st; C B Brackan, F S; Dr G C Synon, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Sodality hall, cor May and 11th.

Columbia Court No. 2—J F O'Neil, C R, 520 W Erie st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 2 Smart st; John E Kelly, F S; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr T Conley, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday, 8 p m, and 3d Sunday, 3 p m, in Society hall, 539 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 138 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 265 E Indiana st; Hugh P Moran, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm O King, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

St. Pius Court No. 4—F T Nichol, C R, 345 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, R S, 729 Hinman st; F M Quinn, F S; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays, St Pius school hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av.

Jaques Carter Court No. 5—Geo Dalziel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N F Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C P. Meet 188 Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry O Johnson, C R, 2127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 18th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D B Sullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrigo, C R, 2967 State st; Henry S Hewson, R S, 2518 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr P S MacDonald, C P. Meet1st and 3rd Friday, at 2974 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 506 24th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 2441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J C Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge st.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halstedst; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3823 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J R McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeenst; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 431 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 332 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J B Shiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 271 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 382 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 2d and 4th Tuesday.

St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box 66, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; F Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Garceau, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Tracey, Treas; Dr J Kielly, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Euehlmann, F S; Geo Denilauler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Seusee, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 506 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H C Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1086 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Both, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 3013 Wentworth av; F N Moninger, F S; M W Fois, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaefer's hall, 2361 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No 21; South Chicago—Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—B Burns, C R, 4493 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 796 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hare, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas P Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No 23—P H Brady, C R, 809 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; B Smith, F S; E S Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Legonia's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 261 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 89 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P C Harbour, C R, 156 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Levreau, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cramer, C R, 238 Sherman st; Frank A Kucera, R S, 336 S Morgan st; Joseph Seitz, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thomnets, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Esler, R S, 399 W Thirteenth st; John McShea, F S; John J Marnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—A. H. Weir, C R, 781 N Robey st; Edmond C Foley, R S, 459 W Indiana st; Henry H. Canavan, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C P. Meet corner W North av and Robey st, 1st and 3d Friday.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29— Fazel, C R, 883 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebracht, F S; Henry Schutz, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m.

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—Simon J. Forhan, C R, 1710 Diversey av; Luke Sullivan, R S; Joseph F Soden, F S; Michael Boeder, Treas. Meets first and third Mondays in Phoenix Hall, Division and Sedgwick sts.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtenh, C R, 941 Webster av; Jas P Lusk, R S, 283 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 8 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Cottrell, R S, 770 Lorrabee st; J Ho nsen, F S; M Mitchell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Schmitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Krings, F S; M Fransen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J C Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr O W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 442 Seminary av; L Rohrer, R S, 223 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas; Dr P H Cronin, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 324 E Division st.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5524 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Ogwan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brieski, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Flugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Cour Lavel Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Deguise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3644 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 596 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 102 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; N P Mersch, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Sommers, R S, 587 W Chicago av; J H Nellis, F S; Frank Pich, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 Milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C. Crane, R S, 381 Orchard st; E E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. Meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st. 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1422 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 420 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P. Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 2617 Emerald av; C Niersbach, F S; Chas Trunscht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger st and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Brucciani, C R, 436 Milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pieroni, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter P Krantz, C R; Nicholas Alles, R S; M Winandy, F S; N Jasques, Treas. Meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Teefy, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 258 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's ball, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jemison, R S; John Michels, F S; J H Daly, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall.

St. Francis Court No. 54—K J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 98 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av,

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 448 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 2816 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2974 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudrean, Jr., F S; M F Bachant, Treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C P. Kankakee, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Sepple, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4721 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. Meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

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Div. No. 4—Daniel Collins, 861 S. Halsted-st., Pres.; David Mulligan, V. P.; John McAndrews, Rec. Sec.; Peter F. Ratigan, Fin. Sec; Wm McEvoy, Treas. Meets last Sunday each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av. and Union-st.

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Div. No. 23—W. J. Doherty, Pres, 47th st and Centre av.; Patrick Broderick, V.-P.; John Toner, Rec. Sec., 1243 Forty-seventh st.; James Murphy, Fin. Sec.; Patrick Grace Treas. Meet first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, at Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st. and Ashland avenue.

Div. No. 26—Pres. P. Molloy, 4717 Wentworth av; V.-P., James McKenna; Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally, 4455 School st; Fin. Sec., James Kerwin; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet second Saturday of each month at 8 p m, at Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

Div. 29—Pres, J F Haskins, Box 380, Pullman; V P, M J Sullivan; Rec sec, James Kennedy, Kensington; Fin sec, Peter Tully; Treas, Thos Markey. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday of each month at 8 p m, in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 35—Pres, Thomas Doyle, 3812 Lowe av; V P, T. F. Doyle; rec sec, James Gannon, 1005 51st st; fin sec, Patrick Quinn; treas, Michael Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday each month at Kavanaugh's hall, 3818 South Halsted st.

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A Bothersome Name.

This habit of naming boys after some friend and hanging two "last" names to a kid all of his life is about played out. At least, that is what Mr. Sawyer Cook, of this city, thinks about it. His baby had the cramps the other night, and paregoric did not seem to have the slightest effect upon the little sufferer, so Mr. Cook flew for the doctor post haste. He pulled the bell with a rousing jerk. Up went the side window, and the physician's voice called excitedly, "Who's there?"

"Sawyer Cook," hurriedly cried the anxious father.

"Saw my cook, did you? Well, what the deuce do I care if you saw the cook, the chambermaid, the butler and the stable boy? You let that bell alone, you loon, or I'll break your face! Get out of that!"

"But I tell you I'm no loon. I'm Sawyer Cook!"

"Confound it, what do I care if you did see my cook? That's her business if she wants to gallivant around at night. I mind my business, she minds hers, and you had better go about yours if you want to keep out of trouble. Hear me?"

"I don't know anything about your servants, doctor, and I am not drunk; but my baby is sick, and if you don't hurry up she will die!"

"Your baby's sick? Who are you?" cried the doctor in astonishment once more.

"Why, I'm Mr Sawyer Cook, of 345 Gripe street, as I told you before, and my baby's dying with the cramp!" cried the agonized father.

"Oh, beg pardon, sir—I thought you were some bum. I will be down directly!"

The baby is all right now, but Mr. Sawyer Cook wants his name changed.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

Rob Roy Had the Best of It.

The far famed Rob Roy MacGregor was confessedly the best swordsman of his day. His celebrity for wielding the claymore excited MacNeil of Barra, to visit him for the express purpose of trying his prowess. Barra was a gentleman, possessing the qualities that endear a chief to his clan, with the accomplishments which confer acceptability in polished circles. On arriving at Rob Roy's house the MacNeil chieftain found he was at Buchanan attending the market, and thither he repaired. He met several gentlemen on horseback on their way home, and accosting the nearest, begged to know if Rob Roy was still at the fair.

"Who inquires for Rob Roy?" inquired a voice, more remote.

"MacNeil of Barra," said the chief.

Rob Roy approached, announcing himself, and after exchanging salutes Barra said:

"I have heard Rob Roy extolled as the best swordsman of our times, and have come a long journey to prove whether he or I deserve that commendation."

"Chieftain of Barra," said Rob Roy, "I never sought a quarrel with any man; and if it pleases you to think yourself the better swordsman I have no objection to your opinion."

"This is the language of fear," said Barra.

"Who dares to speak of fear to Rob Rob MacGregor?" said MacGregor. "Dismount, sir, and try if I'm afraid."

The chivalrous encounter immediately commenced, and Rob Roy found Barra nearly his match; but after much dexterous play he wounded the chieftain in the sword arm, so that he was for several months confined at Buchanan.—Scottish American.

The Ring of Cheops.

Cheops was the builder of the pyramid which bears his name, and, as if to make the structure perpetuate his deeds for all time to come, the very stones and bricks of which it is composed are stamped with his name. Cheops lived nearly 2,500 years ago, his great pyramid being an antiquity in the days when the great nations of old were in their youth, and yet we of this Nineteenth century can have the satisfaction of looking upon the very ring he wore so proudly upon his royal finger! The hieroglyphics on the ring are minutely accurate and beautifully executed, the ring itself being of finest gold and weighing nearly an ounce. The oval signet bears the name of Cheops, which is in hieroglyphics in perfect accord with the stamp on the bricks of the great pyramid. This remarkable antiquity was found in a tomb at Ghizeh. It now reposes in the museum of the New York Historical society.—St. Louis Republic.

Writing in Erect Characters.

As most adults write without much regard to the angle which the words take, it is to them a matter of supreme indifference whether upright or sloping calligraphy is best for their health. But with children it is different. Hence there may be something in the recommendation of Drs. Von Reuss and Lorenz to the supreme council of hygiene for Austria that in future children should be taught to write in erect characters, for in this form of penmanship the scholar faces his work, and is spared the twist of the body and neck which is always observable in those who write slantwise, and the tendency to spinal curvature induced thereby.—London Tit-Bits.

Value of Musk.

Besides flowers, several other articles are called into use by the perfumer. Musk is the most important. It comes out of the musk deer of the mountains of India, China and Thibet. It is extremely difficult to obtain unadulterated and when obtained in that condition costs twice its weight in gold. So great is the tenuity of the odor, that in an area of five feet it gives out 57,839,606 particles without undergoing an appreciable diminution of weight.—New York Evening Sun.

Humidity About.

Guest (at restaurant in moist weather) —Waiter, I can't get any salt out of this salt cellar.

Waiter—You've forgotton to unscrew the top, sir.—New York Weekly.

The Late Father Brennan

On Tuesday fortnight the Month's Mind for the repose of the soul of the lamented P. P. of Carnacon, came off at the parish church there, the celebrant in the solemn requiem mass being Rev. P J McPhilpin, C.C.; deacon, Rev. B McDermott; subdeacon, Rev. P. O'Flaherty, C.C; master of ceremonies, Rev. T. J. Reidy, C. C., nephew of the deceased. In the choir were Very Rev. Canon Gibbons, P. P., Balla; Very Rev. Dr. Kilkenny, P. P., Claremorris; Rev. P. Sheridan, P P., Mayo Abbey; Rev. P. Lyons, P P., Castlebar; Rev. J Corbett, P P., Partry; Rev. P. Caulfield, P.P., Hollymount; Rev. T. O'Malley, P P., Islandeady; Rev J. Stephens, P.P., Crossboyne; Rev. M. Lavelle, C.C., Islandeady; Rev. A. Waters, C. C., Turlough; Rev. M Glynn, C.C., Ballyvary; Rev J. P. Connelly, C. C., Crossboyne; Rev. J. M. Heavey, C.C., Castlebar; Rev J J Corcoran, C.C., Claremorris; Rev. M Colleran, C.C., Balla; and Rev. T. Morris, C. C., Hollymount.

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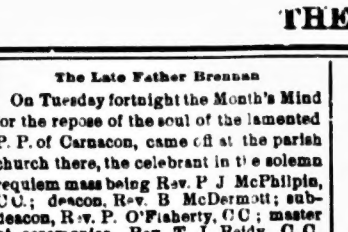

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TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN—NOTICE is hereby given pursuant to the statute that the undersigned George Frederick Simpson, a resident of the County of Cook, in the State of Illinois, will file his petition in the Circuit Court of Cook County, Illinois at the next March Term A D. 1892, of said court, which said term of court will begin and be holden at the Court House in Chicago, in the said County of Cook, on the third Monday of March, 1892, being the 21st day thereof, praying that the name of the undersigned be changed to Giorgio Frederico D'Almond.

Dated at Chicago this 12th day of January, A. D. 1892.

(Signed) GEORGE FREDERICK SIMPSON.

James O'Connell, Attorney.

WING, CARTER & QUALEY, 349 ROOKERY BUILDING.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK, ss.—In the Probate Court of Cook County. To the January Term, A D. 1892. Clara M. Newman, Conservator of the estate of Jay C. Newman, an insane person, vs. Jay C. Newman, William A. Eaton, George H. Laflin, Lavina Laflin, William A. Bond, Louis Newman, and Mathew Laflin.

Notice is hereby given to Jay C. Newman, William A. Eaton, George H. Laflin, Lavina Laflin, Mathew Laflin, William A. Bond, and Louis Newman, the defendants above named and to all whom it may concern, that the said petitioner, Clara M. Newman, Conservator of the estate of Jay C. Newman, an insane person, has heretofore filed her petition in said Probate Court of Cook County, praying for a decree for the sale of the following real estate belonging to the estate of said Jay C Newman, and described as follows, to-wit: An undivided one half interest in Lots Three and Four, Block One, in Mathew Laflin's Subdivision of Lots One and Twenty, in Lavina and Companies Subdivision of the Garden and Cottage Lots of the South Quarter of the North East Quarter of Section Ten, Township Thirty eight, North Range Fourteen, East of the Third Principal Meridian, Hyde Park, Cook County, State of Illinois, and that a summons has been issued out of said court against you, returnable to the January Term A. D. 1892, of said court, to be holden on the third Monday of January, A. D. 1892, at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County. Affidavit of the non-residence of Louis Newman has been filed in the office of the Clerk of the Probate Court of Cook County.

Now, unless you, the said Jay C. Newman, William A. Eaton, George H. Laflin, Lavina Laflin, Mathew Laflin, William A. Bond, and Louis Newman shall personally be and appear before said Probate Court of Cook County, on the first day of a term thereof, to be holden at Chicago, in said County, as aforesaid, on the third Monday of January, 1892, and plead, answer or demur to the said complainant's petition filed therein, the same, and the matters and things therein charged and stated, will be taken as confessed, and a decree entered against you, according to the prayer of said petition.

ROGER C. SULLIVAN, Clerk.

Wing, Carter & Qualey, Solicitors for petitioner, Clara M. Newman, Conservator of Jay C. Newman, an insane person.

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For the last fifteen years competent judges have admitted that the watches made in America are far superior to those of foreign manufacture. For this reason everybody who wishes to have a watch that can be relied on has tried to purchase an American watch. Owing, however, to efforts of the "watch trust," these watches have been sold at so high a price as to place them beyond the reach of the average watch buyer. THE CITIZEN has determined to place these watches within reach of every one of its subscribers and regular readers by buying them of the factory agents and selling them at an advance which barely covers expenses. Every subscriber and regular reader may purchase any watch made in America at a price slightly in advance of that charged at the factory. Nobody else can buy at any price Below are several watches which we consider especially desirable:

No. 1 is a genuine New York Standard watch, in a solid nickel silver case, open face. The works are jewelled, and the watch is a stem-winder and setter. We will send this watch, which is guaranteed to keep correct time, by registered mail prepaid, for only $5.50.

No. 2 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin seven jewelled watch. The works contain also the latest improvements, such as compensation balance and safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus. The case is gold filled, that is made of two plates of solid gold, between which is a plate of fine composition metal. The case is guaranteed to wear fifteen years. The price for open face is $13.25, and for hunting case $16.50 postage and registry pre-paid.

No. 3 is a solid gold watch. The works are the celebrated P. S. Bartlett full nickel Waltham, and they contain fifteen jewels, compensation balance and safety pinion, patent regulator and Logan's Breguet hair-spring, hardened and tempered in form, stem-winding and setting apparatus, and thoroughly adjusted at the factory. The case is the Brooklyn Granger solid gold, and the usual retail price of this watch is from $50 to $75. We send it, delivered free, for only $30.00.

No. 4 is a lady's watch, with seven jewels, compensation balance, stem-winding and setting apparatus, etc. The case is gold-filled and warranted fifteen years and the works are Waltham or Elgin, as you may choose. Usual retail price from $24 to $30. We send it by registered mail for only $15.50.

No. 5 same as No. 4, but solid gold Brooklyn Granger case, by registered mail, prepaid, $20.00.

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